

Fifteenth Vol: contains

Summer's Tale.

Know your own mind.

The Platonic Wife.

The Chances.

The gamester.

The Nonjuror.

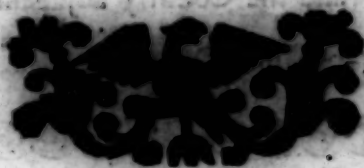
The Maid of Bath.

Geo. Harris
THE
SUMMER'S TALE.

A
MUSICAL COMEDY
OF
THREE ACTS.

As it is performed at the
Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden.
By Mr. CUMBERLAND.

.....
Vox et præterea Nihil.
.....



.....
DUBLIN:

Printed for P. WILSON, J. EXSHAW, H. SAUNDERS,
W. SLEATER, E. LYNCH, J. HOEV, junior, J.
POTTS, S. WATSON, and J. WILLIAMS.
MDCCLXXI,

Persons Represented.

M E N.

Sir ANTONY WITHERS, Father to FREDERICK and MARIA,	} Mr. SHUTER.
BELLAFONT,	Mr. BEARD.
FREDERICK,	Mr. MATTOCKS.
SHIPPER, an Attorney,	Mr. DUNSTALL.
FERDINAND, BELLAFONT's Serv.	Mr. MORRIS.
PETER, Sir ANTONY's Man,	Mr. COSTELLO.
PADDY O'CONNOR, an Irish Soldier,	Mr. BARRINGTON.
HENRY, a Country Youth,	Mr. DYER.

W O M E N.

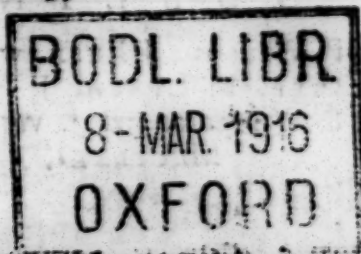
MARIA,	Miss BRENT.
AMELIA, disguised as CLARA,	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
OLIVIA, a Relation of Sir ANT.	Mrs. VINCENT.

Domesticks of Sir ANTONY, Peasants, Reapers, &c.

SCENE, Sir ANTONY WITHERS's House, Garden, and the Country adjacent.

Time, One Day.

N. B. In order to shorten the Representation, the 20th and 32d Songs are omitted, together with some Passages in the Dialogue, which there was not Time to correct in the Copy.





THE
SUMMER'S TALE.

OVERTURE by Mr. ABEL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A GARDEN.

MARIA enters, followed by BELLAFONT.

AIR I. [Cocchi]

Mar. **T**ELL me why thus you continue to woo me,
Why with such obstinate Suit you pursue me.

Bell. Ask not why thus I am fated to woo thee,
Why with such wearisome Suit I pursue thee.

Mar. Hopeless you ply me,
Still must I fly thee;
How can I grant what I've vow'd to deny thee?

Bell. What tho' you fly me,
Still if I ply thee,
Pity may grant what your Pride may deny me.

Mar. Tell me; &c. } Duetto.
Bell. Ask not, &c. }

Bell. What whim is this; Maria? Why do you fly
from me at such a rate?

A 2

Mar.

Mar. Ridiculous Question!—So sanguine, so successful a Lover as Captain Bellefont is, might have concluded, that no Woman can have any other Motive for flying from him, but the Pleasure of being pursued.

Bell. Oh! your most humble Servant.—But really I'm no Match for you at these Weapons: The Dance you have led me over Hedge and Ditch, across that Walk, down the next, over this Field, round the other, might be good Sport to a slender, well-breath'd Stripling of a Lover; but to your Adorer, who is somewhat corpulent, it is actually intolerable; and I do protest to you, that if you offer to stir a Step further, I will absolutely give over the Chace.

Mar. Insufferable! Will no Submission satisfy you?

Bell. Was your Flight a Proof of your Submission, I might be satisfied; but I doubt that little rebellious Heart of yours will not be subdued upon such easy Terms.

Mar. Upon easy Terms, depend on it, I never shall submit: I have observed so little Complaisance after Marriage, that I shall look to receive all my Portion of it before.

A I R II. [Lampugnani.]

Happy, trifling, careless Lover!
Think not you can touch my Heart,
Till your Sighs, your Tears discover,
That you feel Love's keenest Dart.

When I see thee humbly 'ying,
Captive of my conquering Eyes,
Weeping, sighing, fainting, dying,
Such Submission may suffice.

So severe the Lover's Duty;
Such the Trophies due to Beauty.

THE SUMMER'S TALE,

5

In short, Mr. Bellafont, as you are so much devoted to your Ease, and I am so great a Lover of my Freedom, I fear we can never conveniently meet. I will venture therefore, to take my Leave of you.—If you think fit to repose yourself after your Fatigues, I wou'd recommend a Seat in that Arbour to you ; or, if you rather choose to take a solitary turn down that Walk, I promise you I will not interrupt your Meditations.

Bell. Stay, I beseech thee, Maria, if it is only 'till I can tell thee, that in Spite of all this cruel Indifference I am destined to adore thee.

Mar. All this is extremely well ; but to be serious for a Moment.—Allow me to ask you what reasonable Hope you can have that my Father will ever approve of your Pretensions ? and without his Consent, I am apt to believe I shall never be desperate enough to listen to your Addresses.

Bell. Why then, Maria, seriously I have no one Reason for hoping, but that I never in my Life cou'd despond ; nor have I any Excuse for the Folly of persevering in my Addresses, except that I love you, and have naturally a Passion for all extravagant Attempts. A Soldier of Fortune, the needy Son of a younger Brother, however noble his Extraction, can as ill expect to succeed with a Father of Sir Antony Withers's sort, as think of aspiring to a Lady of Maria's Merit and Beauty.—To delineate myself to you in one Word ; my Family is noble ; my Profession more so ; if I was not a Man of Honour I shou'd not be the Descendant of my Father, and if I was a Coward I cou'd not be a Briton.

Mar. To me, Bellafont, this may be Recommendation sufficient ; but my Father would ask, " What " are your Possessions ? where lies your Estate ? "

Bell. I have none : after having assisted our Conquests in every Quarter of the World, I must confess that there is not one Foot of it which I can call my own : my Patrimony is my Sword.

A 3

Mar.

6 THE SUMMER'S TALE.

Mar. A very honourable Inheritance for a single Gentleman, but a mighty indifferent Jointure for a Wife!

Bell. Had I the Possessions of my Uncle, Lord Lovington, I should with Pleasure cast them at your Feet; but a Booby Cousin excludes my Hopes there; and I reap no other Fruit from his Alliance, than the Consolation to see that Avarice can make the richest Man as indigent, as Fortune has made me.—But what avails this?—I forget it is to Maria I am speaking, who has the Art to destroy the Peace of my Bosom, without endangering her own.

A I R III.

[Boyce.]

*" See how the genial God of Day,
" Salutes the warm, the blushing Year;
" Chear'd by his Beams, how bright, how gay,
" The Fields, the Groves, the Flowers appear!*

*" And hark! in yonder vocal Bower,
" The Turtle plies his amorous Theme,
" All Nature owns Love's mighty Power,
" And deeply drinks the quick'ning Beam.*

*" And tell me, do these Scenes impart,
" No friendly Warmth to thee alone?
" Wilt thou nor give me back my Heart,
" Nor yet repay me with thine own?*

*" Ah! why wou'd Nature make thee fair,
" And not dispose thee to be kind?
" To love, alas! is to despair,
" And not to love is to be blind."*

Mar. Hush! for Heaven's sake, here comes my Father, as fast as his Legs can carry him. As you seem to think me so very difficult of Persuasion, I will leave you to try your Rhetoric with him; though, if I might advise, you had better make a
hasty

THE SUMMER'S TALE.

7

hasty Retreat : for my own Part I shall escape as fast as I am able. [Exit.

SCENE II.

BELLAFONT *withdraws to the back Scene.* Sir ANT.
WITHERS *enters.*

Sir Ant. A fine Morning !—Surely I heard a finging somewhere hereabouts in the Grove :—No ; 'twas only the Field-keepers scaring the Rooks from the Grain ; or the Hogs perhaps serenading each other in the Pease and Beans.—Let me see ; I've stroll'd a good way from the House ; I'll ev'n sit down a while, and pursue my Morning's Meditation. Well, 'tis a strange Case ; but I never can repose myself on this Seat without calling to mind poor dear Lady Withers : Ah ! she's dead and gone ; but I know not, if one of us must needs have been taken off, perhaps 'tis as well for me to be left behind. In the mean time I have provided that, when I am call'd away, the World shall have as little a miss of me as may be : here is my Succedaneum ; in this Journal every important Occurrence in my Life is methodically recorded. I do much wonder that the great Men of the Time will not be at the same pains, rather than trust their Characters to the Mercy of other People's Pens ; o' my Word Posterity may chance to view their Actions in quite another Light from what they see them in themselves.

BELLAFONT *advances.*

Bell. I am in doubt whether I shall accost him or not ; he has a confounded forbidding Countenance.

Sir Ant. Suppose I cast my Eye over my Morning's Work. Ay ! here it is.—[*Puts on his Spectacles.*]
“ August the 25th.—Wind South-West by West ;
“ that is, a little to the South of the West.” (Right, it is so.) “ Thermometer, Seventy-three Degrees
“ and a half, by Farenheit's Scale.” (Fuh !) “ Peter
“ tells

8 THE SUMMER'S TALE.

"tells me it was misty at Sun-rise ; Prognostic of a
"hot Day." (Wak'd as usual with my old Sinkings;
never right, when the Glafs is below changeable.)
Ah! Sir Antony! Sir Antony!

Bell. Sir Antony Withers, I'm your most humble
Servant.

Sir Ant. Sir!——[*starting.*]

Bell. I beg pardon for interrupting your Meditati-
on, but my Business being somewhat urgent——

Sir Ant. Let it be what it will, Sir, this Surprise
is not very civil ; by my Say-so ! it has disorder'd me
not a little.

Bell. What a fantastical old Prig it is! [*Aside*] Is
any thing the Matter with you pray? [*Speaking*
loud.]

Sir Ant. Lud! Man ; don't halloo so——My
Nerves won't bear it.——But who are you? whence
come you? what's your Business here?

Bell. My Business, as I told you, Sir, is with
you.

Sir Ant. Well, let us hear it ; it gives a Man an Air
of Consequence to be short with a Stranger. [*Aside.*]

Bell. Sir Antony Withers, you have a Daugh-
ter——

Sir Ant. Granted!——This Fellow has surely been
list'ning.

Bell. Her Name, as I think, is Maria.——

Sir Ant. It is so.——I hope he did not overhear
the last Item, however.

Bell. I have seen her, and convers'd with her : a
most angelic Lady she is!

Sir Ant. I cannot say I am of that Opinion.

Bell. It is on her Account I trouble you with this
Visit.

Sir Ant. Humph! I guess'd as much.——I'll tell
you what, Sir; if you will turn down by that
Horn-beam Hedge on your Right Hand, and keep
straight along the Walk, 'twill bring you at the Bot-
tom of it to the Garden-Gate—you'll find it open.
—— Please

THE SUMMER'S TALE.

9

—Please to betake yourself from my Premises, and let me never see your Face any more.

A I R IV.*

[Arnold.]

- * *There lies your Road—sweet Sir, adieu!*
- “ *My Daughter is no Match for you:*
- “ *She's gone from home; she's sick; she's dead;*
- “ *In short, she vows she will not wed*
- “ *To any Gentleman in Red.*

- “ *Nay, never frown, and look so bluff,*
- “ *You're fairly sped; you've said enough.*
- “ *The Man who lets fly Reynard loose,*
- “ *When once he's caught him in the Noose,*
- “ *Rich'y deserves to lose his Goose.*

Bell. I must needs tell you, Sir Antony, that this is a very abrupt manner of dismissing a Man before you know who he is: tho' I am a perfect Stranger to you myself, I have an Uncle, Lord Lovington, who I believe is not unknown to you.

Sir Ant. Lord Lovington, say you? And have you the Presumption, Sir, to rival your Uncle?

Bell Rival my Uncle!—What is it you mean?

Sir Ant. Why, Sir, my Lord Lovington is an honourable Admirer of my Girl, Maria, whom you are pleased to call by so many fine Names.

Bell. Is he so? Ridiculous old Dotard! [*Aside.*] Oh! yes, Sir Antony, I am perfectly well acquainted with my Uncle's Passion for Miss Withers; she has Beauty enough to make Old Age forget its Infirmities: no one can see her, and be insensible to her Charms.

Sir Ant. I apprehend, Sir, you are under a Mistake; Lord Lovington has never yet set Eyes on Maria: it is to my good Friend, Mr. Shifter's Report of my Daughter, that she owes the Honour he does

* N. B. The Airs marked thus are composed for this Occasion.

does her by his Addressee: no doubt you are acquainted with his Peculiarities; but he is immensely rich; and, altho' I am an utter Stranger to his Person, yet I am determined my Girl shall pay implicit Obedience to his Will and mine: for as much an Angel as she is, I don't think her a Bit too good to marry a Lord.

Bell. Egad! I must change my Battery; a sudden Thought strikes me. [*Aside.*] Sir Antony, I am overjoyed at what I hear; I shall fly to my Uncle, and tell him what Resolutions you have taken in his Favour——'Twill be joyful News to him.

Sir Ant. Hold, hold! what is all this Haste? You are overjoy'd, and you shall fly to your Uncle; how is all this? By my say so! I could have sworn you had been soliciting for yourself.

Bell. For myself? Ha! ha! ha! And that was the Reason you received me so very coldly!

Sir Ant. It was so. Ha! ha! ha! [*Mimicking him.*]

Bell. Very good truly!—Why, Sir, my Uncle himself is on the way hither; I do but come before by his Lordship's Orders, to prepare you and the young Lady for his Reception.

Sir Ant. What say you? Is my Lord Lovington coming hither to my House? Good lack! good lack! why where are all my People?

Bell. Oh! Sir, give yourself no Trouble; my Uncle you know is in Years, and travels slowly; you will have Time enough to get every thing in Readiness.

Sir Ant. So, so, so! this is excellent News! How things turn out! Sir, I heartily ask Pardon for the Reception I gave you; but to say Truth, seeing an Officer in my Garden, I took it into my Head that you were one Capt. Bellafont, who frequents these Parts.

Bell. Bellafont? Who is he, pray?

Sir Ant. Oh! Sir, Capt. Bellafont is an idle impertinent—but in short he is not worth our talking of.—He has the Confidence to make Love to Maria; but I have given the Girl a Lesson upon that Subject,

THE SUMMER'S TALE. 11

ject, and I can assure you she has no sort of Regard or Esteem——

Bell. Indeed, Sir?

Sir Ant. Indeed. His Lordship may be perfectly at Ease upon that Head. But come, my dear Mr.——Sir, shall I crave your Name?

Bell. Lovemore, Sir, at your Service.——But I must take my leave: I have my Uncle's positive Commands to return.——He is impatient to know if his Visit will be acceptable, and will be transported with the Account I shall bring him.

A I R V. [Arnold.]

*With these happy Tidings fraught,
I must hence as quick as Thought;
Ere the Sun shall disappear,
Expect to find a Suitor here.*

*See yon aged Elm around
With the twining Ivy bound;
In that Emblem you behold
How the Young adorn the Old.* [Exit.]

SIR ANTONY alone.

A good sensible, well-bred, decent kind of Man, and sings a good Song. Well, if I can get this Girl married and out of the way, the greatest Trouble of my Life will be over.—And a Countess too! My Family begins to want a strain of Nobility to lighten the Breed.——In former Times it was scarce to be had for Love or Money (as they say) but now we Commoners come in for a pretty plentiful share of it, and some of us at a reasonable Rate too. [*Clara passes over the Stage in the Back Scene, followed by Henry carrying her Cloak, &c.*] Why there now? there's that Wench Clara! that Girl is another of my Plagues.—The bewitching Jade! she has scarce been a Month in this Neighbourhood, and yet—[*She appears again.*] Ay, there she goes again;

again ; yes, curtsy, do, you roguish Hussy ! What does that Clown Henry do for ever at her Heels ? The Fellow guards her as warily as a Shepherd's Cur does his Master's Hut.——She's gone towards the House ; I'll slip down this Walk and meet her.——Well, if I light on her alone, I'll tell her a Piece of my Mind.——And yet this confounded oppressive Weather !——I wou'd the Glass wou'd rise !

[Goes down a Side Walk.]

SCENE III.

CLARA and HENRY enter again.

Cla. Do, good Henry, take my Cloak and Pattens, and wait for me at the Garden Gate ; we shall very likely meet the old Knight again in our way to the House, and I know he won't be pleased with seeing thee in the Garden.

Hen. Let him choose ; so long as I can be of any Service to you, I don't mind his huffing.

Cla. Thank you, Henry, but there can be no sort of Danger.

Hen. The Yard-dog may frighten you ; and if I was by, I shou'd be apt to gee him a flick, for all his Worship.

Cla. No, no ; he's always tied up in the Day-time, and you know there are no other Dogs belonging to the House, but little Shock, and he has got no Teeth.

Hen. Well, I shou'd be sorry to have any thing happen, and I not at Hand to assist you.—But I won't be troublesome ; I hope I know better than so.—I'll take your Things then with me, and stay at the Gate we came in at.

Cla. Do so, my Lad ; I'll soon return.

Hen. Oh ! as for the matter of that, use your Pleasure ; don't think much of my Time ; I can't spend it better than in serving you. *(Exit.)*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Sir ANTONY calls to CLARA as she is going out.

Hist! Clara! Mrs. Clara! Hem! Whither away so fast, pretty Maid?

Clara. Oh! Sir Antony, I beg pardon; I was stepping to the House to inquire for Mrs. Olivia, who I understand is there.

Sir Ant. Well, well, Mrs. Olivia won't be gone, and I shou'd be glad to speak a few Words to thee, that's all.

Clara. What are your Commands, pray Sir?

Sir Ant. I don't know what to say?—Why do you look so grave, Child? How do the good People, where you board, behave to you? I hope my Tenant, Farmer Greygoose, and his Family, do their best to please you; I shou'd be much offended with them if they did not.

Clara. Oh! Sir, they are the best Folks in the World, and the most obliging.

Sir Ant. I hope you have recovered the Accident that has confined you in these Parts; the Hurt that you received by the Fall from your Horse, I mean ——— (Ceremony upon these occasions is nothing more than a civil Excuse for not being rude)

[*Aside.*

Clara. Perfectly, I thank you, Sir Antony; inso-much that I think of taking leave of the Farmer this very Day.

Sir Ant. Marry, Heaven forbid it! You wou'd not leave us, Clara; you must not ——— Stay, stay! ——— I have something to say to you ——— Odslids! what am I going to do? ——— Why I was thinking ——— Gadsbud! sure I am running mad.

AIR VI.

[Potenza]

*My Passion confounds me,
Such Beauty surrounds me,
Such numberless Charms :
I gaze, I desire,
My Blood is on fire,
Oh ! come to my Arms !*

Cl. Alas ! poor Gentleman, I am afraid you are not well : Do, dear Sir, retire to your Chamber ; wrap your Head up warm ; your Imagination has been greatly heated.—— Shall I call any body to help you into the House, Sir ?

AIR VII.

*O naughty naughty Garden !
What ail'd me to come in it ?
I pray your Worship pardon,
I must away this Minute.*

I must away :

Farewell ! good Day !

*Sir Antony, pray, excuse me :
The more a Damsel views thee,
The surer she'll refuse thee.*

Nay, let me pass ;

Oh fie ! alas !

*You'd nearly caught a Fall, Sir :
Good luck ! if this be all, Sir,
I'll be within your Call, Sir.*

[Exit.]

SIR ANTONY alone.

Well, go thy ways for this Time.—— What a twitter has this put me into, and all to no Purpose !—— I did not think she cou'd have resisted me ; but, all things consider'd, perhaps, 'tis better as it is ; since 'tis more than probable, I might have found it easier to conquer her scruples, than my own.

THE SUMMER'S TALE. 15

own. Well ; had it turn'd out to my Wish, I might have enrich'd my Diary with an Item of some Consequence ; but as it is, it's likely to prove a mere Cypher in the Account.

SCENE V.

An Apartment in Sir ANTONY's House.

OLIVIA, MARIA.

Oliv. Depend upon it, Cousin Maria, 'tis as I tell you : your Heart is further engaged than you imagine. You love this Bellafont without knowing it.

Mar. Now cou'd I hate you, Olivia, heartily for discovering a Secret, that I wished to have concealed from all the World ; nay, if possible, from myself : But I was telling you of our last Adventure in the Garden ; I own I am impatient to know how he got off from my Father.

Oliv. Why indeed, my dear Child, when I think of your Father in this Affair, I own I tremble for you. I have known my old Friend and Neighbour too long, to believe that any Merit can prevail with him, which has neither a Title to flatter his Vanity, nor Wealth to bribe his Avarice.

Mar. Heigh ho ! I begin to perceive I have play'd the Fool.

A I R VIII.

[Bertoni.]

*O Love, tyrannic God, whose fatal Dart
Subdues all Nature to its proud Controul ;
I feel thy vengeful Shaft transfix my Heart,
And yield to thee the Empire of my Soul.*

Oliv. Well, Maria, you are not the first Daughter who has ventured to dissent from her Father in the Choice of a Lover. And why not dissent ?—— I am persuaded Nature means our Inclinations to be

free, tho' Law enslaves them. ——— So that after all, if you have fixed your Affections on Captain Bellafont ———

Mar. O frightful! ——— Fixed my Affections, Madam? ———

Oliv. Come, come, you are too honest to be a Coquette: Friendship and Affinity give me a Right to know your Heart, and make your Concerns and those of your Family in a Manner my own. You know I have no Cares in this Life, but for your Brother and you: he, poor Lad, has unhappily fallen in Love with Amelia Hartley, who it seems has prefer'd another before him, and is, as I hear, married.

Mar. So he writes me Word: but he is expected every Hour, and we shall then hear the whole of this unlucky Affair.

Oliv. Well, be that as it will; he had his Preference, and confess'd it. Your Father too, as old and as wise as he is, if I am not shrewdly mistaken, is not entirely void of Partiality towards a certain Person.

Mar. Oh! you mean the young Woman that we are all fond of, who lodges at the Farm-house here.

Oliv. The same; Clara.

Mar. Why indeed I believe your Suspicions are not ill founded. But she is a charming Girl, that must be confess'd: So modest, so well bred; I am persuaded there is something in her Story more than common.

Oliv. I have always thought so.—But you see by this, Maria, how the rest of your Family have dispos'd of themselves. Capt. Bellafont is a Man of Honour, and worthy a sensible Woman's Esteem; you need not therefore blush at the Choice: and tho' I shou'd be the last Person to inspire you with Principles of Disobedience, or to support you in them, yet whenever you appeal to me from the Persecution of a capricious Parent, who wou'd assume

THE SUMMER'S TALE. 17

assume a Right to make you wretched, my House, my Fortune shall be open to your Use.

Mar. Generous Olivia! how can I ever repay you sufficient Thanks?—

PETER enters.

Peter. Madam, his Honour would have you come to him in the Library directly.

Mar. Very well, Peter, tell my Father I'll wait on him.—[*Exit Peter.*] So! so! I shall have a fine Lecture, I warrant you.

Oliv. Come, Maria, keep up your spirits; I am persuaded things will turn out well at last.—Go to your Father: don't be violent in opposing his Inclinations; Time will present some Opportunity of evading them.—Above all Things, my dear, I would have you take no rash Resolutions against Matrimony; let my Example deter you.

A I R IX.

[Howard.]

*Dear Girl, never trust to thy Charms,
Youth's fugitive Season improve;
Oh! take the dear Man to thine Arms,
Nor blush at an innocent Love.*

*Too soon and that sweet rosy Bloom,
That elegant Form shall decay;
That Hair like the Raven's dark Plume,
Shall be silvering over with grey.*

*The Fops that now flutter around,
Shall find some more favourite Fair;
Whilst you drop despis'd to the Ground,
With Envy consum'd and Despair.*

*Then list to the Counsel I give,
And be not by Flattery betray'd;
Lest you should be fated to live,
Like me, a neglected old Maid.*

[*Exit Maria.*]

B 3

SCENE

SCENE VI.

As OLIVIA is going out she is met by CLARA.

OLIVIA, CLARA.

Cla. Madam, shall I entreat your Patience for a few Minutes?—

Oliv. Most readily, Child: what are your Commands?

Oliv. I am an unhappy Woman; and as such have a Claim to your Compassion.

Oliv. I have conceived a very good Opinion of you, Clara, and am sincerely sorry for any Misfortune that may have happened to you. I hope the Hurt that you received by your Fall has had no worse Effects than you at first apprehended.

Cla. Alas! Madam, my Injuries are of a different Nature. The Fall that I feigned to have received from my Horse, as I was travelling homewards, was nothing more than a contrived Excuse for concealing myself in these Parts. In short, Madam, I am not what I seem.

Oliv. That I have long suspected, though I forbore to be inquisitive.

Cla. You must know then, Madam, that I am a Woman of good Birth and considerable Fortune; my Name Amelia, the Daughter of Sir William Hartley. Persecuted by my Family, who would have driven me into the Arms of a Man who is my mortal Aversion, I have taken Refuge here, under the Disguise that you now see me wear.

Oliv. Really, Miss Hartley, your Distresses affect me, and I think you justified in the Step you have taken. Give me Leave to ask you, what Preference directed you to this neighbourhood?

Amel. Alas! Madam, your Question is a natural one, but the severest that can be asked me. What Preference directed me hither? It was a Passion so deeply rooted in my Heart, that no Time,
no

THE SUMMER'S TALE. 19

no Injury can displace it. 'Twas Love.—How shall I excuse it to you? ——— Unhappy, disappointed Love.—O Frederick, Frederick! dear false forgetful Youth!

A I R X.

[Russell.]

*While on Earth's soft Lap descending
Lightly falls the feather'd Snow;
Nature awfully attending
Each rude Wind forbids to blow.*

*White and pure awhile appearing,
Earth her Virgin Mant'e wears;
Soon the fickle Season weering,
Her deluded Bosom bares.*

*Thus my foolish Heart be'ieving,
Listen'd to his artful Tongue;
All his Vows of Love receiving,
On each flattering Accent hung.*

*Fondly for a Time mistaken
Love and Joy conceal'd my Fate;
Now alas! at length forsaken,
Sad Experience comes too late."*

Oliv. What do I hear? Was Frederick, was young Withers thus ingrateful, thus insensible? Let me hope, Amelia, there is some Misapprehension in this Matter; I know his Intimacy with your Brother, and that he made him a Visit this Summer of some Continuance.

Amel. It was then, Madam, that my poor Bosom lost that peaceful Indifference it had ever before enjoyed. My Family were then in Treaty with the Person I mentioned to you before: intoxicated with his extravagant Offers, they omitted no Measures to engage me to accept his Addresses; nay they were desperate enough to employ Frederick to solicit me: but alas! their Advocate ruined their Cause; my Heart first conceived a Dislike to Lord Wealthy, and

and the Interposition of Young Withers confirm'd me in my Aversion.

Oliv. But did Frederick betray his Commission, by turning it to his own Advantage?

Amel. I cannot charge him with that Dishonour; therein I must condemn myself: it was my own fond unguarded Heart that told him too plainly what it felt; till one fatal Moment my Father surpriz'd him kneeling at my Feet, and the next transported him from my Sight for ever.

Oliv. Your Relation, my dear Amelia, is truly pitiable; but as you know not what Motives Frederick had for so abruptly leaving you, so I think you cannot positively charge him with Infidelity.

Amel. Dear Madam, how kindly you console me! I own to you I have some Hopes that Frederick still remembers me, and still loves me: those Hopes conducted me hither; I find he is this Day expected home; this Event and Sir Antony's ridiculous Affiduities make it no longer possible for me to conceal myself at his Tenant's. I must therefore retire till by some means I can discover the real State of Frederick's Heart. What I have to entreat of you, Madam, is, for a short Time to afford me the Protection of your House.

Oliv. Most gladly, my dear, let us betake ourselves thither this Instant, before he comes and surprises you. I will find means of explaining your Departure to Maria. Come, my Chariot is now at the Door.

Amel. Permit me, Madam, to step as far as the Garden Gate, and excuse myself to the young Farmer, who is waiting for me there with my Cloak: I'll make haste and attend you.

Oliv. At your own Time.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE VII.

The outside of Sir Antony's Garden: HENRY is discover'd sitting and composing a Garland of Flowers; he rises.

I have made free with some of his Worship's Flowers; there is no Robbery in that I trust. She stays a long while methinks! sure no Accident has betided her! I am fit to think his old Honour does not bear an honest Mind towards her; he is always hankering about our House, and I am sure, before Mrs. Clara was with us, he never used to come to Father's, except upon Rent-day. I dont know what ails me; I am not half the Lad I was a while ago; I neither eat, nor sleep, nor work as I us'd to do; and as for Wakes and Pastimes, and such like, lackaday! I have no longer any Heart for them, or any thing else.

A I R XI.

[Lampe.]

Why heaves my Breast with frequent Sighs?

Whence rises this soft Perturbation?

In vain my Heart each Effort tries

To combat its fond Inclination.

How helpless am I!

Where shall I fly?

Where shall poor Henry for succour app'y?

So fixt is the Dart,

Too feeble my Art

To assuage the unspeakable Smart.

AMELIA enters.

Hen. Oh! ifackins! I am glad you are come, Mrs. Clara: Look here; I have been plaiting a Garland for you to wear at the Harvest-home to-night, if you are so minded to accept it.

Amel. Thank thee, Henry; I'll wear it for thy sake.

Hen.

22 THE SUMMER'S TALE.

Hen. That's kind now. — But come, will you be walking homewards: Father and Mother will wonder what's become of us.

Amel. Alas! Henry. I came to bid you farewell. Some Reasons, which I can't explain to you, oblige me to take a hasty Leave of your Father and Mother, and depart this Night. Well, Henry, give me my things. — Commend me kindly to the good Folks; tell them I'll call in the Evening, and settle matters with them to their Satisfaction; — as for thee, my good Lad, I desire you will accept this Purse; I hope it will compensate for the Trouble I have given thee, and the ill-will thou hast got from thy Landlord on my account. — Why, what dost weep for, Henry?

Hen. My Heart's is too full to tell you; and I want Understanding to express myself—but tho' I am a poor Lad, I scorn to be a mean one, and take Money. No, Mrs. Clara, I would not touch your Purse, if it was full of Diamond Jewels. I see you despise me by your Offer.

Amel. Far from it, Henry, believe me: nor will I press it further upon you, as I see it hurts you.

Hen. It does indeed — and not that only, but your leaving us, Mrs. Clara. I know it won't argue why what such a simple Clown as I am can say to a Person of your Breeding—but I beseech you to tell me, wherein Father or Mother, or I have offended you! If any thing's amiss, that they can remedy, they'll be proud to do it, I'll vouch for them—and as for me, if I be in Fault I ask your Pardon heartily on my Knees.

Amel. Nothing's amiss, nothing. Kneel not to me, young Man; your Humility, your Tenderness oppresses me. Neither thou, nor thy Father, nor Mother, nor any of you have ever offended me: on the contrary, I owe you all, (especially thee, Henry) my Thanks for a thousand Services, which are ten times more valuable, as I am sure they spring from your Heart.

Hen.

THE SUMMER'S TALE. 23

Hen. 'Tis enough: I submit. May Heaven protect you wherever you go!

AIR XII.

Duetto [Cocchi.]

Henry. } *And must we* } *part for ever;*
 Amelia. } *Yes we must* }
 Hard Fate! such Friends to sever,
 So faithful and so true:
 Go, and may Bliss betide thee;
 Each guardian Angel guide thee;
 For evermore Adieu!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

An Apartment in Sir ANTHONY'S House. FREDERICK and MARIA meeting.

Fred. My dear Sister! — [*Embracing her.*]

Mar. My dear Brother! — I am rejoiced to see you returned; why, what a Stranger have you been to us, Frederick!

Fred. A Stranger indeed! not to you only, but to myself, to Peace of Mind, and Contentment.

Mar. Alackaday! poor melancholy Lover! What, fallen out with the World before you are well got into it? How strangely Love has transformed you! still fighting for Amelia Hartley?

Fred. Oh! name her not! did you but know what I daily suffer for that lovely false one, you wou'd pity me.

Mar. Is it possible you can be weak enough still to indulge a Passion for Amelia, who you know has actually given her Hand to Lord Wealthy?

Fred. So I am informed by her Brother—but alas! Maria, you talk like a happy Novice, like one a Stranger to the Pains I feel; had you the least Notion of Love, or had ever seen her blooming Youth and Beauty; had you heard her lively innocent Wit, or been a Witness to her soft, sweet, engaging Temper,

per, you wou'd own with me, that her Charms were irresistible.

A I R XIII.

[Count St. Germain.]

*O fatal Day to my Repose,
When first I saw the faithless Fair ;
No Peace my wretched Bosom knows,
I love, alas ! and I despair.*

Mar. My dear Frederick, was I in a Humour for Mirth, how I cou'd laugh at you now ! but alas ! you are not the only unfortunate one of your Family : tho' you think I have so little Notion of Love, perhaps, Brother, I may be able to give a guess at it ; and o' Conscience, I think it a very sorrowful Matter for a Girl of my Age and Spirit, to be condemned to the Arms of a Man of Threescore.

Fred. What do you mean ? You to be married to a Man of Threescore ?

Mar. So my good prudent Father has decreed it ; and I have this Moment received the fatal Sentence from his Lips. Judge therefore whose Fate is the hardest ; yours, in being deprived of the Woman you admire, or mine, in being destin'd to the Man I abhor ?

Fred. But to whom, for Heav'n's sake, has he destin'd thee ?

Mar. To one you never saw, Lord Lovington.

Fred. Fortune defend you from his Embraces ! I know his Nephew Captain Bellafont intimately, and have been many times entertained with his Account of his Uncle's ridiculous Humours.—Is it possible my Father can be serious ?

Mar. Serious ? why he is absolute ; and his Lordship is expected this very Day.

Fred. Then Sir Antony has not seen him ?——

Mar. Never.

Fred. Fear nothing then : for the Sight of him cannot fail to frighten away these absurd Resolutions in his Favour. Why, Child, he looks like
a Courtier,

THE SUMMER'S TALE. 25

a Courtier of Oliver Cromwell's; and is in every Particular both of Manners, Dress and Address, a Character of as different a Cast from our finical Father's as possible.

Mar. I'm glad of it.—But you said you knew his Nephew, Captain Bellafont: what is he? of a Piece with his Uncle?

Fred. The very reverse; I do not know a more honest, good-humour'd, sprightly Fellow, and with a Heart as full of Courage as it can hold: his Failings are all either of the social or the amorous Sort; and I know no good Thing he wants, but more Discretion, and a better Fortune.

Mar. So, so!—

Fred. Well, but you don't intend to obey my Father, if he should be so perverse.—

Mar. Obey him, Frederick! no, I promise thee I shall not, while there is a Window in his House to jump out at, and a Man in the World to catch me. If he was Father and Mother both, I shou'd think my Happiness rather too great a Compliment to make him.

Fred. Well said, Maria: your Resolution gives me Spirits; but I will retire to my Chamber, and get off this travelling Dress, before I see my Father and his grave Son-in-Law.

Mar. Do so. [*Exit Frederick.*] Well, Maria, how is it with thee now? This Bellafont will be too hard for thee at last. My Brother's Report has done his Cause no little Service. Marry! beshrew the Fellow! Of all Things in the World, what I wish most to avoid, is falling in Love, and methinks I take every Method of throwing myself in its Way.

A I R XIV.

[*Arne.*]

Ab! what can defend a poor Maiden from Love?

Ye Prudes, your Expedient impart,

This pleasing Intruder how shall I remove,

And guard the soft Pass to my Heart?

26 THE SUMMER'S TALE.

*Of Mothers and Wives how wretched the Lives,
Your's alone is the sensible Plan;
They only are blest like you who detest
That horrible Creature call'd Man.*

*But when at our Feet the fond Wretches we view,
How can we refuse 'em,
Or scornfully use 'em?
Ah! what is your Case, ye coy Virgins, cou'd you?*

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*A Table set out with Wine, Pipes, &c. Captain BEL-
LAFONT enters with FERDINAND his Servant
carrying a Bundle of Cloaths.*

Ferd. **A**ND so, Sir, you think by dressing
yourself in this old Trumpery, to pass
yourself upon Madam Maria for your Uncle Lord
Lovington? The Lord have Mercy upon some Peo-
ple's Heads!

[Throwing the Cloaths on a Chair.

Bell. I shall have no Mercy upon thine, Puppy,
if you run on at this rate. But since you assume by
Right immemorial a License of speaking to me what
you please, and how you please, let me know why in
your great Wisdom you object to this Scheme of
mine? which, to say the Truth, was the Result of
Necessity rather than Invention.

Ferd. Why I object to it, Master of mine, —
for every Reason under Heaven. First and foremost
for the weightiest of all Reasons, because I did not
propose it myself. — In short, I object to it as a
Soldier, a Politician, a Lawyer and a Christian.

Bell.

THE SUMMER'S TALE. 27

Bell. Since I have nothing better upon my Hands at present, I will indulge you in your prating. Tell me why you object to it as a Soldier?

[*Sitting down.*]

Ferd. Because as a Soldier it wou'd become you better to carry her away *Vi et Armis* (as the Saying is) and not to sneak off with her in this pitiful Disguise. You know I advis'd you to make an Irish Wedding of it, and I have station'd our old Comrade Paddy O'Connor at hand here to assist you.

Bell. A notable Contrivance truly! but I would have you to know, M. Wiseacre, that I neither mean to force or to trepan Maria into a Marriage; nor have I any other Design in this Disguise, than an innocent Experiment. My Uncle, it seems, is Dotard enough to determine upon paying his Addresses to her, and her Father is Coxcomb enough to sacrifice her to his Vanity; I therefore do no Party any real Injury, and may be the Means of rescuing her from Unhappiness.

Ferd. And which is more to the Purpose, a reduced Commander, with his faithful, honest, brave, but hungry Servant, from immediate Ruin and Decay. O Glory! Glory! thou hast undone both me and my Master. In short, Sir, have her I wou'd, and the shortest Way is the best Way. As for this Scheme of personating Lord Lovington, I think her too worldly to marry you in your own Character, and too wise to have any thing to say to you in your Uncle's; besides, she'll discover you and expose you.

—And these were my Objections as a Politician.

—As to what I had to offer as a Lawyer and a Christian, as they are Characters which have nothing at all to do with each other, I will have nothing at all to do with them; and so I shall beg leave, Sir, to sing you a Song that I learnt of an Irish Benedictine at St. Pierre's. —

A I R XV.

*Ye Swains so faint-hearted, who sigh for the Fair,
 So brim-full of Love, but of Money so bare ;
 Ye Soldiers so stout, who make Slaughter your Trade,
 Who stand to a Man, but who fly from a Maid :
 Wou'd you conquer alike both the Fair and the Foe,
 Strike home, my dear Honey ; and follow your Blow ;
 If the Damsel consents, take her straight in the Mood,
 If not, gently force her, 'tis all for her Good.*

S C E N E II.

A knocking at the Door. SHIFTER to them.

Bell. Run to the Door, Sirrah !—I expect Master Shifter the Attorney, who will be a necessary Instrument in my Design ; and here he comes.—Master Shifter, I am heartily glad to see you : Sit down, I pray you, Master Shifter.—Ferdinand fill this honest Gentleman a Glass of Wine.

Shift. So, so ; enough, young Man, enough ! Captain, shall I crave your Business ?—Time is precious.—Life is but short.—A Man is but a Man.—Torn to Pieces, as one may say,——pull'd Limb from Limb——up and down——about and about.—Fuh ! [*Pulling off his Wig and wiping his Head.*] It cannot last for ever ; it cannot last for ever. Sir, my humble Service to you.

[*Drinks and begins to fill his Pipe.*]

Bell. Master Shifter, I have a little Matter of Business wherein I want your Assistance ; and as I take you for a friendly——good humour'd——honest obliging Fellow, I make no doubt of your complying with my Request.

[*As Bellafont repeats the Terms, friendly, &c. &c. Shifter at each Word removes his Chair further from him.*]

Shift. Humph ! I guess your Meaning, Captain ; and I believe there is no Man in the Country Practice

THE SUMMER'S TALE. 29

tice that has better Notions of Friendship and Honesty, and all that, than myself; and when it lies in my way to do a good Turn (that is, upon Consideration) I am always glad to do it; but Business must be followed, sometimes here, sometimes there.—The World is the World, and Money makes the Man.—Apropos! I suppose your Occasions look that Way; but, alack aday! the Country's drain'd—the Nation's undone—Taxes upon Taxes—such a Sight of Red Coats to pay, and not a Guinea stirring; not a Guinea stirring.—Hark! I am call'd away.—Captain, I'll take my leave; not a Drop more, I thank you.

[Gets up to go.

Bell. Hold, hold, Master Shifter, mistake me not; I don't want to borrow; but to give away.

[Shaking his Purse.

A I R XVI.

[Arnold.]

*Look back, behold
The shining Gold;
Come, take, and freely use it.
Hark! bark, it chinks!
Sweet Sound; methinks
No Lawyer can refuse it.*

*See! here's a Bribe
For half your Tribe,
And will you then be jogging?
'Tis generous Wine,
How bright! how fine!
Come, take another Noggin.*

*I see you relent
'Tis enough, be content;
Two such pleasing Allurements what Saint can withstand,
The Glass at the Lips, and the Gold in the Hand?*

Ferd. Lord help you, Mr. Shifter, you little think what a World of Wealth my Master is posselt of.

He borrow? No, no; he never can want Money any more. Why, don't you know he served all the last War, and has got a matter of Thirty Pounds of his own proper Earnings, and 'tis all in a Purse there?

Shift. Master Ferdinand, a Man will sometimes mistake; every thing (do you apprehend me;) has two Handles, a right one and a wrong.

Ferd. And if you have two Ears, Master Shifter, take care I don't pull one of them off, before this Day's at an End.—Sure my Master won't give him his Purse; I know he has not a Fellow to it in the World.

[*Aside.*

Shift. Well, Captain Bellafont, what is your Will? this Affair I must own *prima facie* look'd a little unpromising; but that Purse has a very agreeable Sound with it; shall I examine the Contents?

A I R XVII.

[Granom.]

'Tis agreed; say no more;
 All my Scruple's are o'er;
 I am your's, my Lad, Body and Soul:
 Thus for better, for worse,
 I join Hands with your Purse;
 And I warrant I'll manage the whole.

Fill a Glass, my brave Boy!
 What is Honour?—A Toy:
 What is Honesty, Friendship or Fame?
 Give me Gold, and all these
 I can buy when I please,
 And put beggarly Virtue to shame.

Politicians they say,
 Only struggle for Pay,
 Each one puts up his Conscience to Sale;
 And the Patriot so nice,
 When you bid to his Price,
 May be your's for the Turn of the Scale.

Then

*Then draw out your Hoard,
Count it down on the Board,
To refuse it I won't be so mad;
Since there can be no doubt,
Shou'd one Lawyer bold out,
But that more of the Trade may be bad.*

Bell. Well done, well done! the Money shall be all thine without Let or Hindrance, every Guinea of it—upon certain Considerations, my Friend.

Shift. What are they, Captain? what are they?

Bell. You know my Uncle Lord Lovington?—

Shift. Intimately—Why I hold his Courts.

Bell. And you are well acquainted with Sir Antony Withers?

Shift. Oh! lackaday! Hand and Glove, Captain; why I am more obliged to Sir Anthony Withers than to any Man living: his Father prenticed me out to Lawyer Trickster; ay, and his present Honour has always been my Friend, wet and dry as one may say. I can never do enough for Sir Antony; I hate to be behind-hand in Gratitude and good Offices to any Man.

Bell. I am sorry the Case in Question don't exactly tally with that Gratitude you profess to Sir Antony; for, to tell you the plain Truth, I want you to assist me in robbing him.——

Shift. Robbing him?

Bell. Ay, robbing him of his Daughter.

Shift. Who—Madam Maria?—O Lud! O Lud! the Wickedness of some Folks!

Bell. Come, I make worse of this Matter than it deserves. You see those Cloaths there—In this Transaction I shall have Occasion to personate my Uncle; and all that I require of you is to introduce me to Sir Antony Withers as Lord Lovington.

Shift. I apprehend you, Captain Bellafont; and so long as you keep within the Law, am willing to serve you upon valuable Considerations; but as I particularly pride myself upon my Gratitude to Sir Antony Withers, I shall expect a good Price for my
Services

32 THE SUMMER'S TALE.

Services upon this Occasion. If so be the Party had been an Indifferent, I should have been more moderate; but where my Benefactor is concern'd, it is but reasonable I should be well paid. Honesty is a scarce Commodity; and where you are to purchase a Man's whole Stock, it cannot be had for a Trifle.

Bell. Oh! the Rogue! I must stop his Mouth, or he will shame me out of my Project.—Come, Mr. Shifter, if you will step into this inner Room, while I am adjusting my Dress, we will agree upon the Price of your Conscience——Ferdinand, follow with the Cloaths. [Exeunt.]

FERDINAND *alone.*

Ferd. If the vulgar Saying be true, that you may buy Gold too dear, what Sort of Purchase must he make that bargains for a Lawyer's Conscience?

[Exit.]

S C E N E III.

*A View of the Country, with Corn Fields at a distance.
A Number of Peasants, Men, Women, and Children,
as from the Harvest-field, reposing themselves on the
Grass, with various Implements of Husbandry, &c.*

A I R XVIII. *

[Arnold.]

Come, my Lasses, let's be gay

On this our yearly Holiday;

[Store.]

We've reap'd, we've mown, we've hous'd our

Chor. Then freely pass the Can about,

There's Day enough to see it out.

See the Sun is high at Noon,

And warns us not to part so soon;

Time enough to think of Care,

When dreaming Winter shall appear.

Chor. Then freely pass, &c.

Let

THE SUMMER'S TALE. 33

*Let every Swain propose his Toast,
A Health to her he loves the most,
Then shou'd she but kiss the Cup;
What Clown can choose but drink it up?*

Chor. *Then freely pass, &c.*

*When Peace and Plenty crown our Isle,
'Twere hard if Britons did not smile;
Nature's fair Example see;
She laughs and sings, and so should we.*

Chor. *Then freely pass, &c.*

FREDERICK enters to them.

Fred. So, so, good People! this sounds well;
Music lightens Labour.—Sit still, sit still——
you've Work enough in hand, and Ceremony will
but add to it.

1st Peas. Heaven bless you, my young Master,
we were drinking a Can to your Health, upon your
coming home; and the Sun beating so mean hot in
the Field yonder, we were fain to lay ourselves
down under this Beechen Thicket.—Margery, why
dustn't speack to his Honour?

Marg. Gad a'mercy! speack to 'un? Why I ha'
danced him in my Arms when he was a Babe, as
poor as I am, many's the good Time.

1st Peas. Ay, thee hast so——why I ha' work'd
in this Field, simple as I stand here, any Time these
Thirty Years, and I hope to do so Thirty Years
longer, an' it please Heaven.

Fred. I hope thou wilt, honest Man! There is
something to be merry with when your Day's Work
is at an End: we must not muzzle the Ox——as
the Proverb says. Happy People! how much more
enviable is your Lot than mine!

A I R XIX.

[Baildon.]

*See yon humble rustick Swains,
Resting from their daily Pains;
Look how carelessly they're laid
In the cool and fragrant Shade.*

What

THE SUMMER'S TALE.

*What is Wealth, and Fame, and Power?
Fleeting Pageants of an Hour:
Blush, Ambition, blush to see
Happiness unknown to thee.*

*Soon as Phæbus streaks the Skies,
Fresh and light as Air they rise;
And when sinking in the West,
Gayly sing him to his Rest.*

*Boast not, Pride, thy lofty State;
Ah how little are the Great!
Wretches, amidst all your Cares,
Can you find Content like theirs?*

Peaf. We humbly thank your Honour for your Bounty.

Fred. What! here are some of you missing. Where's Simon and Black Robin? Are not they amongst you?

2d Peaf. No, Sir; his old Honour, Sir Antony, has kall'd 'um huome, and clapt a couple of the old Family Liveries upon their Backs, that they may stand in the Great Hall, when my Lord what d'ye call 'um comes to see him.—No Offence, I hope.

Fred. Ha! ha! ha!

[*Amelia is discovered in the Back Scene, fantastically dress'd out with Flowers and other wild Ornaments, and mask'd; she advances, discovers Frederick, starts, and goes out.*]

Fred. What have we here? A Woman mask'd! And a fair one she should be.—Do any of you know who she is?

1st Peaf. No, Sir, no: We have seen her in and about this Grove ever since Morning-break; and we are apt to think (poor Soul) she is not in her right Mind; one or two of us 'costed her, but she was not much for talking, so we took no further 'count of her.

Fred. If that shou'd be the Case, the poor Wench may want some Assistance; I'll follow her and see.

[*Exit.*

2d Peaf.

THE SUMMER'S TALE. 35

2d Peaf. For my Peart, I'll neither meddle nor make with her; Dame is sure to lead me such a Life.

1st Peaf. Come, Neighbours, let's to Field; now Simon's absent I am Strokesman for to Day; nay, but come along. Let's be merry and wise, as they say; some Work, some Play; 'twill last the longer.

Chorus repeated.] Then freely pass, &c.

S C E N E IV.

A more retired part of the Grove; Amelia is discover'd.

A I R XX. [Scotch Air.]

*O Fate, if so thou dost ordain
That I once more should view him,
Restore him to my Heart again
As fond as once I knew him.*

*But if, regardless of my Prayer,
Thou wilt not so befriend me,
Oh! yet preserve me from Despair,
And let this Moment end me.*

How my Heart flutters at the Sight of Frederick!
He seem'd struck with my Appearance; surely he will follow me: Under this Disguise I will endeavour to discover the real State of his Heart: should my Suspicions of his Falshood prove true, this distracted Habit will then properly become my Condition. Hah! he's here. [*She puts on her Mask.*]

Fred. I follow'd you, Child, to know if you stood in need of any Assistance.—Who are you? and why do you wander about mask'd, and in that fantastical Habit?

Amel. Save you, Sir, may the Sun-beam never scorch you by Day, nor the Dew-damps strike you by Night: for the Stars tell strange Tales, and, if you are false-hearted, Perjury is wrote on the Face of the Moon, and every Owl-ey'd Wizzard can read it. For my own Part, I care not who sees my Face;
'tis

36 THE SUMMER'S TALE.

'tis honest, and such as Nature made it; but there are Spies abroad, and therefore I go mask'd.

Fred. Alas! poor Wench, thy Reason is disseated. Have you no Friends in this Neighbourhood to take Care of you?

Amel. I had a Friend, Sir; my Soul loved him, and my Reason approved—but he forsook me, and I lost my Wits and my Heart together.

Fred. There are no Tokens of Insanity in that Expression. There is some Mystery under that Mask; I'll question her further—[*Aside.*] Then you have loved—unsuccessfully loved:—therein I pity you;—our Fortunes in that are alike. I myself adored the fairest of her Sex. [Half aside.]

Amel. The fairest, did you say?—Was she, indeed, the fairest?

Fred. I thought her so.—Her Air resembled yours, her Stature much the same; and her Voice so near upon a Ditch with yours, that, when I hear you speak, methinks I am present with her.

A I R XXI. *

[Bach.]

*So profound an Impression I bear
Of the Maid who was my fond Choice,
Every Nymph that I see has her Air,
Every Sound that I hear is her Voice.*

*When you sigh, I can think she was true,
When you smile, I could swear she was kind,
You give all but her Face to my View,
And alas! I see that in my Mind.*

Amel. Is it possible she cou'd be insensible to your Passion?

Fred. She has forgot her Madness; I'll encourage this Adventure. [Aside.] Alas! you search too deeply—regardless of her Vows, she is married, and I am abandoned and undone.

Amel.

THE SUMMER'S TALE. 37

Amel. Married ! did you say ? Is she married ?—
What can he mean ? Wretch that I am, I am mistaken, and he loves another. [*Aside.*]

Fred. You muse.—But whom do I speak this to, and what ? Come, unmask ; if your Features correspond with your Limbs, 'tis cruel to conceal them.

[*Attempts to unmask her.*]

Amel. Not for the World, I beseech you.—
Suffer me to ask one Question more for Curiosity's Sake : What was your Mistress's Name ?

Fred. Prithee, Child, (for I speak to thee now as a rational Creature) what Motive can'st thou have for asking me that Question ?

Amel. No ill one, believe me ; yet I confess I am desirous to have it resolved.

Fred. Sure I have not made a Conquest of this poor Wench's Heart without knowing it ; her Enquiries wou'd almost lead me to suspect it. [*Aside.*]
Well, I know no Reason there is for concealing my Mistress's Name, since she is now another's:—It was Amelia Hartley.—You are now possess'd of my Story ; which I know not how you have drawn from me. I must now leave you ; if you have any Afflictions, I sincerely compassionate you, but Insanity I hope is not amongst them. There is my Purse ; much may it comfort you ! so farewell !—

Amel. Hold, Sir ! Your Liberality is truly amiable, but I need it not ; take your Purse ; and if you are not afraid to give me a Meeting between the Hours of nine and ten in the Evening, I may perhaps communicate to you some Tidings, that will both surprize and please you.

Fred. Between the Hours of nine and ten this Evening ?

Amel. Precisely.—

Fred. I will not fail to meet you : Farewell.

[*Exit.*]

A I R XXII.

[Haste.]

*Now once again the sportive Train
Awakes to sprightly Measures,
Gay Hope succeeds, and with her leads
A Train of smiling Pleasures.
See where the torturing Furies fly,
Pale Grief, Despair and Jealousy,
Of meagre Cares the ghastly Family.*

S C E N E V.

HENRY discovers himself.

Hen. Don't be frighten'd, Mrs. Clara; 'tis I; 'tis a Friend.

Amel. Henry!—What makes thee here?

Hen. Thank Heaven she's not so far gone, but what she knows me.—(I beg pardon, Mrs. Clara, for my Boldness)—How she stares!—Alas, my Heart bleeds for her! Do, be persuaded to return home: We are broken-hearted at losing you.—I'll watch you Night and Day, if you need it.

Amel. How came you to know me, and to follow me hither?

Hen. Lackaday, how shou'd I fail knowing you? Don't be angry with me, but I have followed you most Part of the Day, yet feared to accost you till now, that I see you have been in Discourse with the young Squire: Fine Folks I know have sometimes foul Thoughts; and in so lone a Place as this is, I was fearful he might offer at some Rudeness; if that had been the Case, I wou'd have been your Defender; nay, I was about to come forth when he attempted to unmask you, for, great as he is, I shou'd not stand by and see you wrong'd by any one

Amel. This honest Creature's Affection to me is distressing.

Hen. How sorry am I to see you thus! What a piteous Change have a few Hours brought about!

Is

THE SUMMER'S TALE 39

Is a Mind like your's so soon overthrown? Better be born a Clown like me without Wit or Understanding to lose, than be learned to no better Purpose than this.

A I R XXIII.

[Dun.]

*See thy Henry still attends,
Still thy bumble Friend defends thee,
Whither has thy Reason stray'd?
Turn and bear me,
Do not fear me,
O thou lost, thou lovely Maid!*

Amel. Why should I conceal any thing from this honest Creature? Come hither, Henry; don't be alarmed: my Reason is no worse than it was; I am not mad.

Hen. Oh! the Blessing! may I believe it? Then what do you do with all this distracted Geer about you?

Amel. That you shall know in due Time; but tell me now, my good Lad, how can I reward the Services you have done me; pecuniary Gratifications, it seems, your Spirit disdains; what can I do for you?

Hen. Nothing; I have deserved nothing.

Amel. Nay, but,—consult your Heart.

Hen. I dare not; it is not fit I should.

Amel. How, Henry! is there any Doubt then of its Honesty?

Hen. No, Mrs. Clara, I hope I am honest; but I am sure I am unfortunate.

Amel. Alas, poor Youth! Is it in my Power to alleviate your Unhappiness?

Hen. Don't ask me that Question; I am but a Clown, and my Answer may offend you.

Amel. I see the Cause of your Uneasiness, and have long regretted it.—I'll tell thee what, Henry, you and I have long been Friends; 'tis fit I should now disclose to you a Secret. I am not, as you conceive

40 THE SUMMER'S TALE.

me, a low-born Country-wench, but am of some Rank and considerable Fortune. The Conclusion you will draw from thence may be useful.—I see you are in Surprise at what I have told you ; but if you will walk with me to Mrs. Olivia's, I'll tell you why I have assum'd this Appearance of Madness.

Hen. I will attend you, Madam.—Heigh ho ! how base am I not to rejoice at this Discovery !

Amel. When I relate my story more at large to you, Henry, you will find that all the Unhappiness I have known in Life has sprung from Love, 'Tis a dangerous Passion, and I would caution every Friend of mine against it.

A I R XXIV.

[Stanley.]

*When Love at first Approach is seen,
His dangerous Form he veils ;
A playful Infant's harmless Mien
The fatal God conceals.*

*When soon by us fond Dupes carest
He acts his trait'rous Part,
And as we press him to the Breast,
He steals into the Heart.*

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

A Great Hall.

Sir ANTONY and PETER.

Sir Ant. And so, Peter, you can hear no Tidings of this Girl Clara yet ?

Pet. No, your Honour, not I ; 'tis farten sure she have left the Farmer's, that's one thing ; but where she has betaken herself, that's another thing. For my Part I have been at a power of Places in quest of her, up and down, all over the Village, quite from Dame Treacle's Shop at the further End of it, to Parson Sneak's House here by the Church.

Sir

THE SUMMER'S TALE. 41

Sir Ant. Was ever Accident so cross ! every thing in so fair a Posture for Success: the Wind in my favourite Corner, South-west, due as it can blow. Scisson's Barometer a full Degree on the Rise since Morning, and my Pulse at least ten Thumps in a Minute by a Stop-Watch quicker than it was at our last Interview ; I should certainly have retriev'd that Misadventure.—I cannot conceive, Peter, where this provoking Wench has conceal'd herself.

Pet. Sure I was never so nonplush'd before ; and yet I think under Favour, please your Worship, I can give a guess where she is.

Sir Ant. Why, where is she, think you ?

Pet. Why I'll stake my Head to a Turnip that she is in our great Pond: Simon saw her walk that Way, and 'tis my Thoughts she has drown'd herself for Love ; for your Worship well knows no young Girl can have any Business by the Water-side, unless with that Intent.

Sir Ant. Peter, leave me. There are Moments, in which no wise Man cares to be overlooked. Of a certain this Clown has hit it ; poor fond Soul ! I shall never have an easy Moment more. But soft ! what do Socrates, Seneca, and Sir Thomas Moore advise upon these Occasions ? Have I no Memorandum ? Psha !——a Fig for such a Pack of Grey-Beards : what signifies what a Man says in a Case that can never be his own. It has ever been my Fortune to be admired by the Fair Sex ; but so melancholy a Proof of it I never met with before. I'll instantly give Orders for dragging the Pond : she is most certainly drown'd : I cannot choose but weep for her.

A I R XXV.

[Cocchi.]

*Farewell, fond unhappy Creature !
See for me poor Clara dies ;
Lightning blast each murderous Feature,
Blind these fatal, fatal Eyes !*

C 3

Yet

THE SUMMER'S TALE.

*Yet what means this fond bewailing !
 Let the wretched Fair one die ;
 If my Form is so prevailing,
 Nature is in Fault, not I.*

S C E N E VII.

MARIA enters.

So Mrs. Malapert, are you here ? By my say-so, I thought to have seen this Day one of the happiest in my Life ; but you are all bent upon thwarting me. There's your Brother ; I've been rattling him ; the Fellow has lost his Reason, his Understanding, and has come home chin-deep in Love. I would have Sir William Hartley to know, however, that my Son may without presumption aspire to as good a Match as his Daughter ; especially too when I have bestow'd one of my Children upon an Earl.

Mar. Alas ! Sir, that Child has no such Ambition, believe me.

Sir Ant. But, Hussy, I do not believe you : I take it you are a Woman, born of a Woman, compounded as other Women are, guided by the same Appetites, warm'd by the same Sun, ruffled by the same Wind ; how have you then the Face to tell me that you are not ambitious ?

Mar. Dear Sir, have some Compassion upon me, and don't sacrifice me to old Age and Ill-nature, because ennobled by a Title. Alas ! was the Heart consulted in our Alliances, we should not see so many splendid Wretches as we do.

A I R XXVI.

[Howard.]

*And can you see your Daughter kneel ?
 What Heart so hard as thine ?
 If e'er it cou'd Compassion feel,
 It must at Grief like mine.*

You

THE SUMMER'S TALE. 43

*You say, at your supreme Command,
I must become a Wife :
Ah ! cruel, when you force my Hand,
Why don't you take my Life ?*

Sir Ant. Come, no more of this Affectation ; I have done my Duty by you, and provided you a Husband rich enough to content any moderate Woman : as for all other Requisites, you must look out for yourself, Child ; that's a Matter in which I can't help you.

Mar. I take it, Sir, there are other Enjoyments in Life besides what Money affords.

Sir Ant. Oh ! if that be all, go your ways, and make yourself easy upon that Score : for my own Part, I have made it my own Remark, that there are no Marriages so fruitful, as of an old Man with a very young Woman.

Mar. I believe I shan't entirely rely on your Observations, Sir, notwithstanding. [*Aside.*] [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VIII.

PETER enters to Sir ANTONY.

Pet. Sir, your Worship, his Lordship's Honour is coming.

Sir Ant. Here, Simon, Robin, Thomas, where are all the Fellows got to ?

[*Several Servants enter in old fashioned tawdry Liveries.*]

Sim. Here, Measter, here ; I was but snatching a bit in the Pantry.

Sir Ant. Come, range yourselves all on that Side. So, so ! Simon, has the Maid darn'd the Holes in your Stockings ?

Sim. Yes, your Honour, yes ; my Hose be all whole above Shoe.

Sir Ant. How now, Peter, what have you got tied on here ? [*Examining his Shoulder-knot.*]

Pet.

44 THE SUMMER'S TALE.

Pet. Why, please your Worship, my Coat had a narrow Shoulder-string, so Susan pinn'd her Garters upon it in lieu.

S C E N E IX.

SHIFTER introduces BELLAFONT as Lord LOVINGTON.

Shift. Sir Antony, I beg leave to present Lord Lovington to you.

Sir Ant. My Lord Lovington, I am your Lordship's devoted Creature. [*Approaching him with several formal Grimaces.*] A queer old Fellow by the bye.

[*Aside.*

Lord Lov. Sir Antony, I am a Man of few Words, and less Ceremony——Your Servant.

Sir Ant. The Honour your Lordship does my humble House in this Visit, and the Occasion of it, makes me eternally your Debtor; yet give me Leave to say, my Lord, you will not mix with a Family utterly ignoble; we can trace a Pedigree in a straight Line from old Roger——what do you call him?—a famous Baron in the time of King John; perhaps your Lordship can call to mind whom I mean?

Lord Lov. Upon my Word I do not recollect the Gentleman.

Sir Ant. Old Roger Montfichet, I mean, my Lord; he was one of the Barons who compiled Magna Charta, and both I and my Fathers have opposed the Court ever since.

Lord Lov. With great Reason, Sir Antony.

Sir Ant. By my say-so (you'll pardon the Vehemence of my Expression) I believe I cou'd make out a Title to a Barony.

Lord Lov. Well, well, Sir Antony, give yourself no Trouble about the Pedigree of Miss Maria; so long as your Genealogy does not finish with her, it is of little Consequence to me whom it began with. I venerate Antiquity for nothing but for that rough Virtue, that primitive Simplicity of Manners, which distinguished the Æra of our Ancestors from the present

THE SUMMER'S TALE. 45

sent Age of Fashion and Refinement. I live as they did, because they were temperate ; think as they did, because they were honest ; and dress as they did, because I conceive it becomes an old Man better, than to befool himself with such a Load of Frippery Stuff as thou hast put upon thy Back.

Sir Ant. Your Lordship I perceive is entirely English.

Lord Lov. Yes, Sir Antony, I am as you see me, neither more nor less than a plain Englishman ; my Ambition aspires no higher.

Sir Ant. Now for my own Part, my Lord, I must confess to you I abominate all English Fashions, Manners and Manufactures : when I was a young Man I was universally known in the *Beau Monde* by the Name of Count Antoine.——No doubt, my Lord, you have travell'd.——

Lord Lov. O ! yes, Sir Antony, I have had an Itch for Rambling like other idle young Fellows, so I took a Journey into Scotland, and have staid at home contentedly ever since.

A I R. XXVII. *

[Arne.]

*From Clime to Clime
Let others run ;
From rising to the setting Sun ;
To kill uneasy Time :
With giddy trembling haste,
Let the wain Creatures fly,
To search for dear Vanity,
And catch short Gleams of fluctuating Taste.
Fixt to my native Spot,
With Ease and Plenty crown'd,
Content I look around,
Nor ask of Heav'n a fairer Lot.
No Vineyards here demand my Care,
No spicy Gales perfume the Air,
No Citron Groves arise ;
The rugged Soil,
Hardly obedient to the Peasant's Till,
Such soft Luxuriance denies.*

Yet

*Yet Nature with maternal Hand
A noble Dower has giv'n ;
Valour, the Birthright of the Land,
" And Liberty, the choicest Gift of Heav'n."*

Well, but when shall I see the young Lady, Sir Antony? Master Shifter's Report of your Daughter makes me desirous of being better known to her. If she can take up with such a plain Man as I am, I shan't grow worse upon Acquaintance; nay perhaps I may prove more to her mind, than she thinks for.

Sir Ant. I don't believe a Word of that.—[*Aside.*] My Daughter shall wait upon your Lordship.—'Twill never do; she will never endure him. [*Aside.*] Peter, call Maria.

Pet. Maria!

[*He shifts round Lord Lovington to avoid showing his Shoulder-knot, and presents his Back to the Side Scene, as he calls.*]

Sir Ant. Are these your Manners, Sirrah? Is that the Way you speak to my Daughter, Blockhead?

Lord Lov. Oh! let him alone, Sir Antony. Now I like that better than all the modern Impertinence of your wellbred Footmen of Quality. But here the young Lady comes.—[*MARIA enters.*]—Madam, by your Leave. [*Salutes her.*] Why, Lawyer, she as much exceeds your Report, as Westminster-Hall does the Old Bailey.

[*He withdraws to the Back Scene with Shifter.*]

Mar. A very courtly Comparifon truly!

Sir Ant. Maria? Hussy! why don't you speak to his Lordship? Odsheart, you Jade, if you don't behave as you ought, I'll turn Catholick and immure you in a Convent for Life. By the Mass! I think no Father, who is plagued with a great galloping Romp of a Daughter, should be of any other Religion.

Shifter [*after whispering Lord Lovington.*] That may be a Consideration, my Lord, after you are married;

THE SUMMER'S TALE. 47

married; in which Case, Madam Maria will be a Femme Couverte.

Mar. I a Femme Couverte, Mr. Shifter! I desire you will call me none of your nasty Law Names.

Shift. Now your Lordship having Heir Male by a former Venter, and the Party present being so likely to bear Issue, I should advise——

Mar. Pr'ythee, keep your odious Advice to yourself.——I assure you, Sir, I don't need it, nor ever intend to follow it.

Lord Lov. I perceive, Mr. Shifter, she is a Lady of a very high Spirit.——But come, Sir Antony, be not cast down, Man: allow me a few Minutes private Conversation with your Daughter, and perhaps I may be able to bring her into better humour with me.

Sir Ant. With all my Heart, my Lord.——A perverse ungovernable Girl!——Come, Neighbour Shifter——'tis all over; my Hopes of seeing my Daughter a Countess are all at an End.——He is an absurd old Fellow, that's the Truth of it.

[*Exeunt Sir Antony, Shifter, and Serv.*]

S C E N E X.

Lord LOVINGTON and MARIA.

Lord Lov. Come, Madam, I would fain hope, that, upon better Acquaintance, you won't find me so disagreeable.

Mar. Indeed, my Lord, 'tis in vain to disguise my Heart; the Disparity there is in our Manners, our Fortunes, and our Age, makes me despair of Happiness in so disproportionate an Alliance.

A I R XXVIII. *

[*Arne.*]

*In vain you attempt to engage,
Believe me you have not the Art
The feeble Attacks of old Age
Can never endanger my Heart.*

The

THE SUMMER'S TALE.

*The dazzling Delights that await
Upon Grandeur I need not be told ;
You tell me you're wealthy and great,
'Tis true—but alas ! you are old.*

*Few Scruples you'll say, have been known,
Which Gold ever fail'd to remove ;
'Tis a pow'rful Temptation I own,
But ah ! what is Life without Love ?*

Lord Lov. As I suppose my Age is the most staggering Circumstance against me, let me tell you, young Lady, that 'tis more than probable, I am not so old as I appear to be.

[Speaks more in his own Voice.]

Mar. No, o' my Conscience are you not, if I guess right. O ho ! my Gentleman, is it you ? *[Aside.]*

Lord Lov. Why how old now do you think I may be ?

Mar. I don't know, my Lord, but I should guess about seven or eight and twenty.

Lord Lov. Seven or eight and twenty, quotha ? No, no, no : I was not so young as that comes to, seven or eight and twenty Years ago.

Mar. May be so ; I can't tell ; I am very ignorant of People's Ages ; but I thought I would not shock your Lordship by guessing yours too high.

Lord Lov. Permit me to draw you a Chair, Miss Maria.

Mar. Your Contrivance, Mr. Bellafont, shan't pass upon me this Time I can assure you. *[Aside.]*

Lord Lov. Come, sit down.—No, young Lady, though I am pretty far advanced in Years, and must expect to find the Infirmities of old Age come upon me apace, yet I should hope my Rank, my Possessions, and my Liberality to you, would stand in the Place of more youthful Accomplishments. I cannot flatter you so highly as the young Men of the present Age can do, but perhaps I can love you as well. I dare say, pretty one, you have no Objection against being a Countess.

Mar.

THE SUMMER'S TALE. 49

Mar. I don't know, my Lord, a Title, no doubt, has its Charms.

Lord Lov. And a Woman without Ambition is a Prodigy, a Monster. — What Happiness is there which Wealth and Splendor cannot give us? — How contemptible is it to marry a Beggar, and starve upon Love?

Mar. Very true, my Lord, it is a vulgar Kind of Diet, and only fit for Persons in a low Walk of Life.

Lord Lov. On the contrary, how gayly, how agreeably does the Life of a Woman of Quality slide away! in one continued pleasing Round of innocent Dissipation. — A Wife, above Obligations of Obedience, and a Mother, without Apprehensions for Posterity, no Care nor Inquietude can approach her; and if Repentance ever offers to intrude, Cards and Conversation are at hand to repel it.

Mar. No doubt there are great Resources in Life against Repentance.

Lord Lov. I am sensible, young Lady, of great personal Defects, and would therefore engage your Interest to yield that Assent, which I fear your Heart must withhold.

Mar. Now will I plague him most deliciously. — [*Aside.*] — My Heart, my Lord, is entirely disengaged. — To be sure, your Lordship has made use of strong Allurements; for my own Part, I always set my Mind upon marrying a Man of Fortune; for which Reason I could never endure the Addresses of a Soldier.

Lord Lov. Humph! have you been solicited by any such?

Mar. Why, yes, I have been troubled with such impertinent Pretenders; nay, I must confess I have been most disagreeably importuned by a Nephew of your Lordship's.

Lord Lov. Who? — What? — Oh! ay — Bellafont, you mean. — Why I hear a tolerable Report of that young Fellow.

Mar. I shou'd be sorry to offend your Lordship; but allow me to tell you, that the Report which says
E any

50 THE SUMMER'S TALE.

any thing tolerable of Captain Bellafont, must be his own.

Lord Lov. Indeed! why I am concerned to hear these Tidings of my Nephew; especially as he is Heir to my Title and Estate, in case of my Son's Decease.—Oh! the abominable mercenary Jilt, what Folly possess'd me to put on this Disguise? [*Aside.*]

Mar. It grieves me, my Lord, to give you Pain; but I must seriously entreat you to bring your Nephew here, and in your Presence allow me to give him his final Dismission; nay, I can never think of our Alliance on any other Conditions.

Lord Lov. Oh! that I was quit of this Fool's Coat that I might abuse her! [*Aside.*] Well, Madam, your Commands shall be obey'd; my Nephew shall never offend you more.

Mar. 'Twill be a very acceptable Riddance, I can assure your Lordship. [*She walks up the Stage.*]

Lord Lov. Now do I wish I was fourscore Miles off: What the Plague did I see in her to fall in Love with? Thank Heaven! I shall be revenged; I shall disappoint her Avarice. I hope from my Soul she'll hang herself in her Garters for Vexation.—Well, Madam, I shall take my Leave of you now, and when I have denounced your Vengeance on poor Charles, I hope you will reward my Obedience; and being delivered from his Addresses, be more at leisure to entertain mine.

Mar. I shall endeavour to show my Gratitude to your Lordship, as I ought, — [*Exit Lord Lovington.*]—Ha! ha! ha! get thee gone, get thee gone: Poor Bellafont, thou may'st be a passable good Soldier in the open Field and broad Day-light; but in the Conduct and Contrivance of a Surprise, thou art no Match for me, take my Word for it.

A I R XXIX.

[*Haste.*]

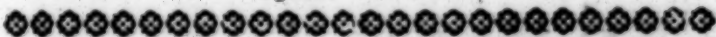
*Away, dissembling Lover!
Your Project I discover,*

And

THE SUMMER'S TALE. 51

*And see thro' all your Art :
Then fly from Shape to Shape,
Yet hope not to escape,
My Chains enclose your Heart.*

END of the SECOND ACT.



A C T III.

SCENE I.

A View of the Country near Sir ANTONY's, with a distant Prospect of the House.

OLIVIA, AMELIA.

BELIEVE me, my dear, I sincerely partake in your Happiness upon this Discovery which you have made of your Lover's Fidelity.

Amel. Dear Madam, you have laid me under eternal Obligations; I owe every thing to your prudent Advice and hospitable Reception.

Oliv. Don't speak of it, Amelia; the Pleasure that I take in finding young Withers worthy of the good Opinion I have always entertain'd of him, makes me almost as much interested in this Event as yourself.

Amel. How generous is this! Yes, I confess to you my Heart is much lighter since this Adventure. We have both, I perceive, been in an Error; he in believing I had married Lord Wealthy, and I in apprehending he had forsaken and forgot me; but, to my unspeakable Transport, I find his Affection for me unimpair'd by Absence; and what mine for him must be, the desperate Step I have taken sufficiently demonstrates.

Oliv. Come, my Dear, don't condemn the generous Resolution which Love has inspired you with;
E 2 neither

52 THE SUMMER'S TALE.

neither the Conduct, as I hope, nor the Condition of your Lover will ever reproach you.

Amel. O Madam, with the Man of my Heart there is no Condition in Life can be so humble, which I should not infinitely prefer to all that Wealth and Greatness can bestow without him.

A I R XXX.

[Ciampi.]

*Thro' these Wilds securely ranging,
Grandeur for Content exchanging,
Freely I absolve my Fate;
Here my Soul without repining
Each ambitious Thought resigning,
Looks with Pity on the Great.*

Oliv. I applaud your Sentiments, Amelia: but come, it draws towards Evening; and as we are walking homewards, I will communicate to you a Design which I have form'd for your discovering yourself to Frederick before the Time appointed for your Meeting; for I am determin'd, if possible, to bring Matters to a Conclusion betwixt you before this Day is at an End. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

BELLAFONT, MARIA.

Mar. Very well, Mr. Bellafont, there's an End then to every thing between us: henceforward we are to think of each other no more.

Bell. Never; never. I would banish from my Memory, if possible, the very Name of Maria.

Mar. You carry this Matter very triumphantly truly.

Bell. I suppose your Vanity expected some Gratification upon this Occasion; but it would be strange Folly in me to bewail a Separation, which I must ever consider as the most fortunate Event in my Life.

Mar. No doubt it must have been strange Indiscretion in you to have thrown away so much Merit upon
on

THE SUMMER'S TALE. 53

on a Woman with poor twenty Thousand Pounds to her Fortune. — To be sure, Captain, you have Views of a much higher Sort.

Bell. I have indeed Worth and Honour; and a noble Mind shall be the Portion of the Woman I aspire to; these are the Qualities, which I once thought I discover'd in Maria; and for which alone I admired her: all other Possessions I look on with Disdain.

Mar. Now could I run into his Arms but for the dear Delight of tormenting him a little longer: he has won my Heart by the noble Manner in which he renounces it. [*Aside.*] Hold, Mr. Bellafont, don't let us part in this abrupt Manner; your Regards for me must have been very insincere, to be laid aside with so much Indifference.

Bell. Why should I complain, and to whom? What Sense of my Sufferings can she have whom Gold could bribe to abandon me? whom the dirty Possessions of Lord Lovington could prevail upon to take old Age, with all its melancholy Attendants, to her Arms? That ever so mean a Passion as Avarice could find Reception in so fair a Bosom! O Maria, what Youth and Beauty art thou about to sacrifice to Vanity and Ambition! Just Heaven, how blest we might have been! Wealth and Grandeur indeed I could not have endow'd thee with; but an honest and faithful Heart is an Oblation which a generous Woman would have preferr'd before them.

A I R XXXI. Duetto. [Bach.]

Bell. Yes 'tis plain, she sees me tremble,
While I tear her from my Heart.

Mar. Sure he knows I but dissemble,
When I tell him to depart.

Bell. Love away! thou hast betray'd me.

Mar. Pity, hence! Resentment aid me.

Bell. I renounce thee, venal Beauty,
Thus I tear thee from my Heart.

Mar. Haughty Lover, know thy Duty,

See without a Sign I part. [*Exit Bellafont.*

54 THE SUMMER'S TALE.

MARIA, *alone.*

Now have I trifled with this Bellafont, till I am seriously in Love with him; from being at first necessary to my Amusement, he is now become essential to my Happiness: alas! 'tis ever so; we are oftener dup'd by Over-security, than by Credulity. How many young Women have these playful Experiments surpriz'd into Love with Men at first altogether indifferent to them! Yet sure I have a worthier Cause for approving this Man. He is undoubtedly of a frank and noble Nature: — Tho' what he means by putting this Trick upon me, and personating Lord Lovington, I know not; but it shou'd seem by this Attack upon my Vanity, that he suspects either my Constancy or my Understanding. — Be it what it will, I am determin'd to punish him for his blundering Contrivance, if it is only to enhance the Value of any future Obedience.

A I R XXXII.

[Bach.]

*Nature, when she gave us Pleasure,
Kindly to enhance the Treasure,
In her Bounty gave us Pain;
Doubts that beighten,
Tears that brighten,
Toils, that earn what they obtain.
Nymphs a mutual Flame confessing,
Damp the Youth they think they're blessing,
He cannot love, who don't complain.*

[Exit.]

S C E N E III.

BELLAFONT; *speaks as he enters.*

Don't think, Madam, that I am come back to — Hah! she's gone. — Well, farewell to her, base ungenerous Woman! — I am ashamed to find what hold she had taken of my Heart, by the Pain it gives me to wrest it from her Possession.

FERDINAND

THE SUMMER'S TALE. 55

FERDINAND enters, speaks in the Side Scene.

Well, Sir ———

Bell. Well, Ferdinand ———

Ferd. What, you're agreed then; all's over, is it not?

Bell. Yes, all is over.

Ferd. I am glad on't; I congratulate you with all my Heart; and pray, Sir, when is it to be?

Bell. What does the Coxcomb mean? When is what to be?

Ferd. Why, when are you and Madam Maria to be married?

Bell. Never, I tell you, never. — And hark'ee, Sir, dare not for your Life, Sirrah, not for your Life, ever mention to me that Name again.

[Seizing him by the Collar.]

Ferd. I am dumb, Sir. I am dumb; and if you don't let go my Throat, shall be so in earnest.

Bell. I would have you so, at least on this Subject. — But I correct myself, and am ashamed of my Passion. — This Woman, Ferdinand, puts me beside myself. — Your Mistake certainly did not merit so rough a Reproof, nor your Services. — I am sorry for what I have done. — Ferdinand! — I am determined to see this Woman once again — (why don't you speak?) — but it shall be in the Character of Lord Lovington; I will draw her on to consent to marry me in that Disguise, and then discover myself and upbraid her. — Ha! what think you? — Will it not be excellent Revenge? — Why don't you answer?

Ferd. I say nothing, Sir, I am resolv'd upon that; but I can't help thinking tho' that the truest Revenge you cou'd take wou'd be to marry her first, and discover yourself afterwards.

A I R XXXIII.

*When a Maid's in the Mind to marry,
He's an Ass that thinks she'll tarry;*

Take

56 THE SUMMER'S TALE.

*Take my Word there's no Time to dally,
Pr'ythee don't stand sbilly, sbally,
Sbilly, sbally, foolish Man!*

*Shou'd she look before she leaps, Sir,
Or not wed before she sleeps, Sir,
You are left in the lurch; all is over!
She is fled to some happier Lover,
And you may go bang, foolish Man!*

SCENE IV.

PADDY, BELLAFONT, FERDINAND.

Paddy. Saave you, Sir; long Life to you, noble Captain.

Bell. What, my brave Irish Boy! How fares the World with thee, Paddy, these hard Times?

Paddy. You may say that — the Times are indifferent hard truly; for o' my Troth this is not a Country to live well in, when a Man has nothing to live upon; and your Honour well knows that I was always too honest to work, and too idle to steal, (as the Saying is.) So I even think of walking homewards into my own Nation again.

Bell. Alas! my Friend, Potatoes and Butter-milk are but sorry Diet, for a gallant Lad, who has carried Conquests into every Corner of the Globe.

Paddy. Ay, my dear Sowl, but I have a small Scruple of Conscience besides all that now; for you shall know that I was fain to put off my Religion for a while to serve his Majesty King George, (God blefs him!) and I can get Absolution now in my own Country for nothing.

Bell. Well, thou art a hearty Soldier, let thy Faith be what it will.—What hast got there? [*Paddy takes out his Handkerchief with the Purse wrapt in it.*]

Paddy. Why 'tis something of your Honour's, which I found upon the Way hither, and I was thinking whether I shou'd deliver it to you now, or after I was gone.

Bell.

THE SUMMER'S TALE. 57

Bell. Let me see it. — Hey-day! the Purse I gave to Shifter! — How did you come by this, Paddy?

Paddy. Why I took it from a bothering Bug of a Lawyer that Master Ferdinand told me had cheated you of it.

Bell. Why how now, Paddy! what, turn Thief, and rob a Man of his Money?

Paddy. Bub a boo! — Rob? why as I have a Sowl to be saved now, I asked him to give it me for Love's sake civilly; but I believe he is the biggest Rogue in the World, for he refused me out and out; so I broke his Rogue's Pate and took it from him.

Bell. Here, Sirrah, take the Money and get thee gone; for if you are caught, you will certainly be hang'd.

Paddy. Hang'd, quotha? Ha! ha! ha! that's a fine Joke! But if they hang me here in England for such a Trifle as that, it shall be a Warning to me how I ever set Foot in their Country again at all, at all.

Bell. Well, Paddy, as thou hast won it, wear it; thy Intentions were honest, tho' the Law wou'd call thee a Rogue.

Paddy. No, by my Sowl, I will not touch a Thirteen; Paddy O Connor scorns it. Take it, and may all the Saints in Heaven bless you with it! 'tis nothing for a poor Fellow like me to want Money, but for a great and a rich Gentleman like yourself to be without it, is a Sin and Shame, Devil burn me if it is not.

A I R XXXIV.

*O think not that Paddy will palter
Because he has broke a Rogue's Pate,
Th' Man that's afraid of a Halter,
Deserves not so lofty a Fate.*

O Connor

58 THE SUMMER'S TALE.

*O Connor so nobly descended
Will never so meanly descend;
For why; when my Life it is ended,
Why then of my Life there's an End.*

[Runs out.]

Bell. Here, Ferdinand, [giving him the Purse] run after that wild Irishman and catch him, if you can, before the Law does. [Exit Ferdinand.] To trace Actions apparently good from dishonouring Motives is no uncommon Thing; but it is the Peculiarity of his Nation to commit the wildest Extravagancies upon Principles of the most exalted Magnanimity.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.

A Hall in Sir ANTONY'S House.

FREDERICK, MARIA.

Mar. And do you intend to keep this Assignment?

Fred. Punctually.

Mar. 'Tis a strange Adventure. An Intrigue with a Mask in this Place, and at these Times, has a mighty romantick Air with it: and I cannot help thinking that your Damsel is distracted in Reality, as well as Appearance.

Fred. She is in her perfect Senses I will engage for her, but she has almost deprived me of mine; for she so exactly resembles in Voice, Air and Deportment, her whom I once call'd my Amelia, that my Heart has been strangely agitated ever since I saw her; and I cannot help being as impatient for a second Interview, as if I was actually to meet the Object of my Affection.

Mar. She is much beholden to her Mask I dare say; and o'my Conscience were all Men's Imaginations as lively as your's is, Frederick, the Women wou'd do well to copy her Fashion; but it should seem by the present Mode of Dressing, as if they were apprehensive that the Men would give them
Credit

Credit for no other Beauties, than those which they expose.

Fred. Upon my Word we are much beholden to the Ladies for their fair and open Dealing with us.

Mar. Come, my dear Brother, moralizing don't become us; and I take it you are rather too young to reason the Fair Sex out of their Coquetries.

A I R XXXV.

*Vain Attempt to rail at Pleasure,
Leave the World to mend at Leisure;
Sour Ill-nature, far away!
Innocence is always gay.*

*Others Lives severely noting,
Every Error gladly quoting,
Age, I leave that Task to thee:
What are others Faults to me?*

Fred. A Loser has a right to rave at the Arts by which he has been trepann'd.

Mar. Poor mortified Lover!—But by what Means do you propose to divest yourself of this unfortunate Attachment?

Fred. By banishing myself for ever from the Sight of her who inspired it; from the Climate, the Country where my Passion had Birth, and from every Scene that may remind me of a Misfortune, which I fear no Time can ever totally extinguish.

Mar. And has my Father consented to your Scheme of travelling?

Fred. He has; his Vanity stood my Friend, and I succeeded.

Mar. I am glad of it; we never apply to Dissipation as a Remedy for Sorrow, till the Cure is half performed without it.

Fred. Well, Maria, since you have made me the Confidante of your Passion for my Friend Bellafont, suffer me in my Turn to ask you in which of his Characters you intend to marry him; for I take it for granted you (like all other Clients in the Affair
of

60 THE SUMMER'S TALE.

of Marriage) determined upon the Deed, before you took Council on the Expediency of it.

Mar. Why, to speak the Truth, I do find myself strangely disposed to choose for myself in this Matter, notwithstanding my grave Father's Remonstrances; and if Bellafont owes me any thing for my Preference on this Occasion, he must thank you for it; for I verily believe it was your Report of him that turn'd the Scale: however, I am determined his foolish Conceit of Lord Lovington shall not pass with me; I scorn Deceit myself, and shall not easily brook it in him.

Fred. Maria, I love Bellafont, and I think he deserves you; a higher Encomium I need not bestow upon him. Now tho' there can be no greater Degree of Happiness, than to be in Possession of the Object of one's Affection, yet Penury will chill that Happiness, if not destroy it. — There are few Passions can stand the Indelicacies of Distress. — Not only your Fortune, Sister, but mine also depends upon my Father, and he, you know, is obstinate by Prescription. You must not expect his Forgiveness. — A Man may be fooled out of his Reason, but who was ever yet reason'd out of his Folly?

A I R XXXVI.

[Giardini.

*Parents think our Inclination
Ne'er shou'd fix till they approve;
Lost to every soft Sensation,
They forget what 'tis to love.*

*Void of every generous Passion,
Lovers now with sordid Art,
(Such the World's disgraceful Fashion)
Woo the Interest, not the Heart.*

*Thou alone alike regarding
Wealth and Titles with Disdain,
Worth with equal Worth rewarding,
Lov'st, and art belov'd again.*

PETER

THE SUMMER'S TALE. 61

PETER enters.

Sir, a Servant, who says he came Express from Sir William Hartley's, brought this Letter for you.

Fred. Sir William Hartley's — What can it be? Hah! from young Hartley! — [*Reads a Letter.*]

" Dear FREDERICK,

" We are in the greatest Affliction, from which
" no body but you can deliver us. My Sister Ame-
" lie, in order to avoid a compell'd Marriage with
" Lord Wealthy, has privately betaken herself
" from us, and hitherto escaped the most diligent
" Search. As we are well assur'd that her Attach-
" ment to you was the Cause of this Elopement,
" so we persuade ourselves, that you are at this
" Time privy to her Concealment. If you are the
" Man of Honour I esteem you to be, you will
" approve yourself such on this delicate Occasion,
" and restore her to her Family without delay. On
" these Conditions I am bid to tell you, that you
" will be received with open Arms; your Affections
" will be no longer combated, but Amelia may be
" honourably yours. — The Alternative I forbear to
" mention, because I will not suppose myself other-
" wise than your faithful and affectionate Friend,

Geo. HARTLEY."

Am I awake? Have I my Senses? Do I see and hear and read it right? Is Amelia then unmarried? and shall she yet be mine? But hold — in a Postscript he adds — " Lord Wealthy's Conduct since Amelia's Absence has been such, as leaves us no room to regret the Disappointment of his Alliance."

Mar. Was ever so fortunate an Event? Dear Frederick, how happy do these Tidings make me!

Fred. I believe thee from my Soul, but here is News in another Postscript, which will make you still happier, if I am not out of my guess. — Shall

F

I read

62 THE SUMMER'S TALE.

I read it? Is your Resolution Proof against good Fortune, as well as ill? He tells me here, " that " his Neighbour Lord Lovington is dead of an " apoplectick Fit, occasioned, as is supposed, by " the Shock he received at hearing that his Son had " lost his Life in a drunken Frolick at Naples. That " Captain Bellafont was Heir to his Title and Fortune, and that an Express had been sent after " him to Salisbury, where he had lately been upon " the breaking of his Regiment."

Well, Maria — how like you all this? Fortune is in a giving Mood, and throws us Wealth, Titles and Happiness in abundance.

Mar. Tho' I cannot but rejoice at Bellafont's Prosperity, yet I must regret the Opportunity I have lost of shewing the disinterested Regard I have for him.

Fred. 'Tis better as it is. — It's an obsolete Notion that Love and Virtue are to be found only in a Cottage; present Experience shews us that it is possible for them to reside in a Palace. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.

Lord Lovington to MARIA.

Lord Lov. Well, young Lady, before we conclude this Bargain for Life, it will not be amiss if we come to some previous Explanation with each other.

Mar. As you Lordship pleases.

Lord Lov. For my own Part I shall act ingenuously with you: It must be but little Comfort you can in Reason expect from an old Man like me? but perhaps that little you look for, may be more than you are likely to receive.

Mar. My Wishes, my Lord, are soon bounded: I have been early taught to obey my Father's Will and Pleasure, and shall easily learn to submit myself to yours.

Lord

THE SUMMER'S TALE. 63

Lord Lov. But suppose I am too capricious to will any thing, and too difficult to be pleas'd with any body.—

Mar. My Patience shall subdue your Caprice; and my Tears shall soften your Anger,

Lord Lov. Pshaw! if you weep, I shall laugh at you; and if you are merry, I shall hate you: Your Tears will only persuade me you are a Hypocrite, and your Smiles wou'd convince me that you were plotting my Dishonour.

Mar. That is hard: but a silent and respectful Obedience to all your Humours, may leave you without Suspicion or Complaint.

Lord Lov. No; impossible; your Silence I shall interpret to be Sullenness, and whatever you speak, I shall think it Impertinence; in short, tho' I wou'd marry you for your Beauty, I shall scorn you for your Meanness: Add to that, altho' I am wealthy to Excess, yet I am tormented with an eternal reaching after more; all within me is a Chaos of clamorous Desires, all without Infirmary and Disease.—Well, Madam, I have now done; for, tho' you can take up with a Character of this Sort, I cannot; it is Time for me to lay it down, and re-assume my own.

Mar. O Mr. Bellafont, be in no hurry about that; it is really a very pretty diverting kind of Dialogue; and if it is any Amusement to you to carry it on, I am at your Service.

Lord Lov. Why! what! did you know me then all this while, notwithstanding this Disguise?

Mar. What Disguise? Your Dress indeed is a little particular; but, as you are now Lord Lovington, I concluded it was some Family Fashion.

Lord Lov. I Lord Lovington? —

Mar. Why, ay, are you not? Can you, as a Man of Honour, seek to impose yourself upon me for what you are not? As for the Description you give me of your Person and Disposition, I ascribe all that to an amiable Diffidence of yourself, which is

64 THE SUMMER'S TALE.

a Quality I have always remarked in you with singular Satisfaction.

Lord Low. Heyday! I am in a fine Dilemma: I really find myself mighty ridiculous.

Mar. Ha! ha! ha!

A I R XXXVII. *

[Arne.]

*When a Freak has got in
Such a Head for plotting,
Can a simple Maid withstand?
With such Art assailing,
You are so prevailing
I must yield both Heart and Hand.*

*With a Mate so loving,
All my Ways approving,
O how blest will be my Lot?
If I seem too easy,
'Tis my Zeal to please you,
Think of that, and scorn me not.*

*Nay, newer doubt; here's my Hand! — I consent:
How bashful you stand: — 'Tis too late to repent.*

Lord Low. Well! I deserve to be laugh'd at, I confess; but, dear Maria, let me beseech you seriously to tell me, wou'd you have carried this Adventure through, and been disinterested enough to marry an honest Fellow like me without a Doit?

Mar. It is an Honour, my Lord, which I shou'd infallibly have accepted.

Lord Low. Nay, but be serious. —

Mar. Hush! here comes my Father; compose yourself; all will be well; only remember you are now my Lord Lovington.

Lord Low. Yes, yes, I am Lord Lovington; never fear me. — Generous Maria!

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter Sir ANTONY and FREDERICK.

Sir Ant. Well, my Lord, are you and my Daughter come to a right Understanding yet?

Lord Low. Perfectly, Sir Antony; I find her all Gentleness and Compliance; and if the Parson and the Lawyer were but as ready, I should hope there wou'd be no other Delays to my Happiness.

Sir Ant. Very good! very good! Why I expect Lawyer Shifter every Moment; and as for Parson Sneak, he is below in the Kitchen. Well, Maria, I hope I shall now shortly have the Happiness of seeing my Daughter a Countess.

Mar. I hope so too, Sir; but I can't persuade this Gentleman to believe it.

Sir Ant. Believe it? What do you mean, Girl, what do you mean? His Lordship here is willing to have you, is he not? You heard him say so this very Moment.

Lord Low. What Frolick has she got in her Head now? [*Aside.*

Mar. Very true, Sir, I heard him say he was ready to marry me; but I can't persuade him that he is Lord Lovington, and I am determined to have no one but him.

Sir Ant. Not Lord Lovington? Are you mad, Hussy? Who is he then? who is he?

Mar. I know not, Sir, not I: but he insisted upon it just now that he was Captain Bellafont, and would be Lord Lovington no longer.

Lord Low. Oh! the insufferable Jilt.

Sir Ant. Why I am thunderstruck! Bellafont? — Captain Bellafont? — Who are you, Sir, and what are you?

Fred. Let me look a little nearer: — 'Tis even so! my Friend Charles Bellafont, as I live? Ha! ha! ha! Why how whimsical this is! What, in Masquerade?

66 THE SUMMER'S TALE.

Sir Ant. Masquerade, do you call it? Why 'tis a most wicked and abominable imposition. — But come, Sir, decamp, move off, before you are forced to a more precipitate Retreat.

Mar. Hold, Sir, you are mistaken; I insist upon it he is Lord Lovington.

Lord Low. 'Tis false; I am not: nor wou'd I accept the Wealth of the Indies with an Encumbrance like thee tack'd to it, were it thrown at my Feet.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Lord Low. 'Tis very well; laugh on, 'tis mighty well; but by Heaven! Mr. Frederick, you shall repent your Jeering. — As for you, Madam —

A I R XXXVIII.* [Arnold.]

Give me back my Heart, Seducer!

Thus my Freedom I regain:

Fury tempts me to accuse her;

Pride forbids me to complain.

Thus I tear my Chains asunder:

How can Heaven withhold its Thunder?

See! she triumphs in my Pain: [Going.

Fred. Come, Bellafont, we have carried this Jest far enough: you are really, as she tells you, Lord Lovington; and, if you won't take my Word for it, you may read that Paper. You will pardon a little harmless Raillery, and, if you are serious in your Esteem for my Sister, I am confident my Father and his Family will think themselves highly honour'd in your Lordship's Alliance.

Lord Low. My Uncle and my Cousin both dead! — If this be so, Maria, my Ambition indeed will be satisfied, but my Happiness 'tis you only can bestow.

Sir Ant. Why, how is all this, Frederick? Sometimes he is a Lord, and sometimes he is none. — What is the Truth?

Fred.

THE SUMMER TALE. 67

Fred. This Letter, Sir, will explain it to you; indeed I wou'd recommend the Whole to your Perusal. — Come, my Lord, if you will withdraw to my Apartment, and divest yourself of your whimsical Habiliments, my Man can equip you with some Cloaths of mine.

Lord Lov. There is no need, Frederick; my Servant is waiting without; for to say the Truth, I am thoroughly sick and ashamed of this Disguise, and cou'd laugh as heartily as either of you at the ridiculous Figure I must have made in this Transaction.

Sir Ant. Well, there is some Sense in this. [*Returning the Letter.*] My Lord, I heartily congratulate you, and beg a thousand Pardons for my Incivility to you.

Lord Lov. Oh! Sir Antony, mention it not, lest you bring me to the blush. — I will take my leave for a few Minutes, and return with all haste.

[*Exit Lord Lovington.*]

Sir Ant. By my say-so, this is an Event that will make no small Figure upon Paper; I am only concern'd that my Part has not been so brilliant as I cou'd wish; but I must help that out in the Relation. This Jade Clara has cruelly disarranged my Matters; no where to be found, either by Land or Water: Well, well, we have not drag'd the Pond for nothing. Now, Frederick, cou'd we but find where Clara, — pshaw — I mean where Miss Hartley has hid herself, I might dispose of both my Children at once. Ods Life! I wou'd it was come to that!

AIR XXXIX. [Vernon.]

*When my Children are wedded all and gone,
With a this Way, that Way, and every Way;
And a happy Day will be that Day,
When they've left me to myself alone,
With a this Way, &c.
And I wou'd they were gone every one.*

Then

68 THE SUMMER'S TALE.

*Then will I seek out for a Wife;
With a this Way, &c.
And a happy Day will be that Day,
When I renew a wedded Life,
With a this Way, &c.
For every Way I'll please my Wife.*

*But shou'd she prove wayward, pert and bold.
With a this Way, &c.
What a luckless Day wou'd be that Day,
When I lighted first upon a Scold,
With a this Way, &c.
Ah! what Way's left for me that am old!*

SCENE VIII.

OLIVIA enters with AMELIA brought in by a numerous Rabble of Peasants; HENRY following at some Distance.

Sir Ant. Heyday! who have we got here? Is the whole Parish rung with the Gadfly? What's the Matter with you all?

Oliv. Why these honest People have a strange Story to tell you, Sir Antony.

1st Peas. Yes, an' please your Worship, we have a strange Story to tell you: But things have gone very cross with us all this Harvest through; a Power of mildew'd Grain — Farmer Chaff's Horses are in a Manner eat up with the Botts, one and all — and Matter Grubb's Cows are sorely pester'd with the Tail-worm; so that we are fit to think, please your Worship, that the poor Beasties are Hagriden, as it were.

Sir ANTONY to AMELIA.

Sir Ant. Well, Child, is it you have done all this? I see you are a Dealer in the Black Art. —

[*Pointing to her Mask.*]

1st Peas. Noa, your Honour, we don't directly say so; but we were a little dubious about the young Woman, so we'll pray your Worship to examine her a bit.

Fred.

THE SUMMER'S TALE. 69

Fred. O Neighbours, leave her to me; I'll examine her.

1st Peas. We are much beholden to your Honour: Pray you now, young Gentleman, ask her why she wears that black Thing athwart her Face, whereof I can take my Bible Oath on't that she is sometimes as lightly a young Woman to look at, as ever my Eyes beheld: and why she keeps hanging about the Grove at the Bottom of the Paddock; there can be no good Intent in that.

Sir Ant. Go, ye simple People, get Home, and leave the young Woman with us.

Hen. [*to one of the Peasants.*] I am ashamed, Gaffer Dowling, to see an old Man like you make himself such a Fool. [*Exeunt Peasants.*]

Sir Ant. Well, young Woman, let us know why you are mask'd, and what your Business is in these Parts?

Amel. My Profession, Sir, is Fortune-telling, I deal with the Stars.

Sir Ant. I rather believe 'tis with the Moon.

Amel. Give me your Hands [*Taking Sir Antony with one Hand, and Frederick with the other.*]

A I R XL. [*Arnold.*]

You love, and are belov'd again. [To Frederick,

You love, alas! but love in vain. [To Sir Ant.

The Grove. — The Garden was the Scene.

You've been to blame —

Oh! fie for Shame,

With Hairs so grey to wear a Head so green.

Your Maid is fled. — Your Mistress gone:

Yet both these Losses are but one:

I, who conceal'd her, can restore.

Lament! — Rejoice!

Here is my Choice!

Come take, Oh! take, and never quit me more.

[Unmasks, and runs into Frederick's Arms,

Fred.

70 THE SUMMER'S TALE.

Fred. O transporting Surprise! Do I behold thee? Do I again embrace thee, my dear, my destin'd Amelia?

Mar. Amelia - - - ?

Sir Ant. What do I hear? And are you, that were my Clara, the Daughter of Sir William Hartley?

Amel. I am, Sir, and can you be generous enough to forgive my Preference of your Son before you?

Sir Ant. Oh! no more of that I charge you. 'Tis well we are wiser than our Children, for certainly they have some unaccountable Advantages over us.

Fred. O my Amelia, I have News for thee, which I flatter myself you will be pleased with: your Friends are impatient to receive you, and have consented to our Union.

Amel. Then is my Joy compleat. Now had I but a Friend that cou'd relate to them this Day's Events, as they really have happen'd —

Hen. You have a Friend, Madam, an humble and a faithful one; ready to undertake that Office, or any other you can lay upon him.

Amel. I thank thee, my good Henry, and will accept your Services. Frederick, I have much to tell thee of this Youth, whom I desire you will love for my sake.

Fred. I know him well: his Fortune shall be my Care.

Hen. Thank Heaven! I shall now be absent, when she is married. [*Aside.*] [*Exit Henry.*]

Lord Lovington enters and speaks.

What do I see? my Cousin Emily Hartley? Why this is fortunate beyond Description.

Mar. Bless me, my Lord, is Miss Hartley your Cousin?

Lord Lov. Even so — and if my Hopes don't flatter me, our Alliance is in a Way to be improved. Well, Frederick, if Modesty, Generosity and Good-nature can bless a Man, thou art happy. Come, Emily, can't you find something to say of me in return

THE SUMMER'S TALE. 71

turn for this fine high-flown Panegyric? Relations shou'd commend each other.

[Shifter appears at the Side Scene.]

O ho! my honest Friend! are you there? Nay, never go back, Man.

Enter PADDY, pushing SHIFTER in upon the Stage.

Pad. Honest, quotha? By my Sowl now 'tis very cruel to call the poor Gentleman out of his Name; and o' my Conscience I believe he thinks so himself, for I had the greatest Difficulty in Life to make him come here of his own Accord.

Shif. Captain Bellafont, Sir, I beg you won't expose me here in open Court.

Bell. Why you are a little out of Countenance here, Master Shifter; yon Devil of an Irishman has made a foul Blot in your Parchment.

[Pointing to his Forehead.]

Pad. Indeed now the Man has had his Pen'worth for his Penny; I took a Purse of Money from him, 'tis true, but I gave him a broken Pate worth two of it.

Sir Ant. A broken Pate, quotha? hang him, Rogue, give him a Halter.

Lord Low. Come, Sir Antony, you must be Friends again; no Asperity should stain the Happiness of this Day. These are necessary Evils in Society: it is not that Men prefer the wrong Side of the Question before the right, 'tis only that they think it better than being of no Side at all. As for thee, Paddy, thou and I must not part for the rest of our Lives.

Pad. By my Sowl then I'll look no further; and when you die, Honey, I'll give you a Howl shall fetch you to Life again in a hurry.

Amel. Sir Antony, as I cross your Lawn I found your Harvest Folks assembled at their Sports; the Serenity of the Evening, and the Chearfulness of the Scene, compose the most agreeable Sight in Nature.

Mar.

72 THE SUMMER'S TALE.

Mar. Oh! by all Means; Sir, let us go thither; Joy is pleasing in whatsoever Shape it appears.

Sir Ant. Let this then be a Day of general Happiness!

Lord Lov. For my own Part I contemplate all rural Pastimes with Reverence and Delight. The natural Expressions of an innocent Joy in a free and happy People are, in my Sense, the most grateful Oblation that can be offered in return for such Blessings.

A I R XLI. [Richter.]

Lord Lov. *Happy Nation! who possessing
Nature's Gifts in full increase,
Sees around thee every Blessing,
Scenes of Plenty, Scenes of Peace.*

Chor. *Happy Nation! &c.*

Amelia. *Fields where golden Ceres waving,
Glisten in the ripening Sun;
Streams their fertile Borders leaving,
Scattering Riabes as they run.*

Chor. *Happy Nation! &c.*

Fred. *Meads where Flocks and Herds disparting,
Gaily paint the chequer'd Vale;
Groves, where happy Shepherds courtings,
Softly breathe their amorous Tale.*

Chor. *Happy Nation! &c.*

Maria. *Cooling Zephyrs gently blowing,
Fragrance from the flow'ry Plains;
Temperate Skies serenely glowing;
Hirons Nymphs and valiant Swains.*

Chor. *Happy Nation! who possessing
Nature's Gifts in full increase,
Sees around thee every Blessing,
Scenes of Plenty, Scenes of Peace.*

THE END.

